The SPHERE

Vol. CXX. No. 1565 JAN. 18, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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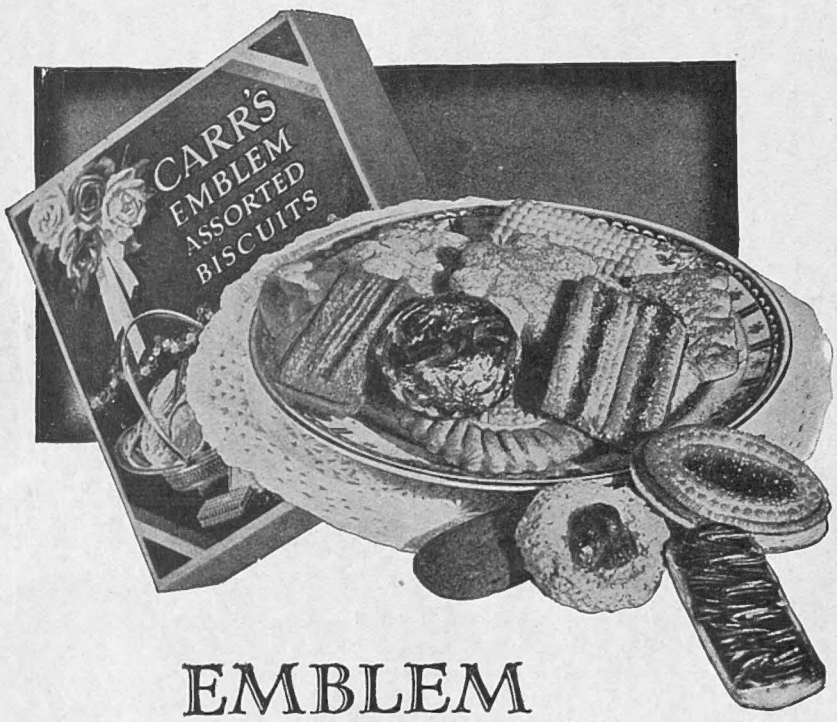

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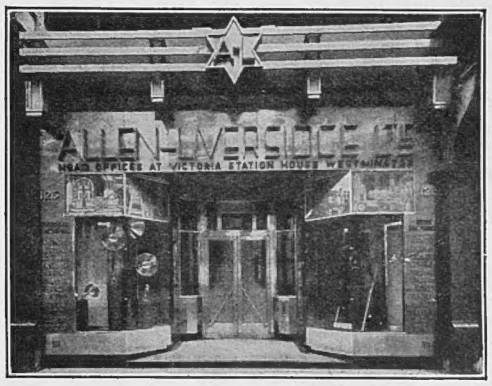

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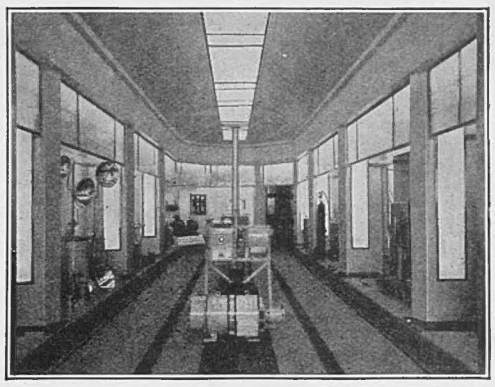

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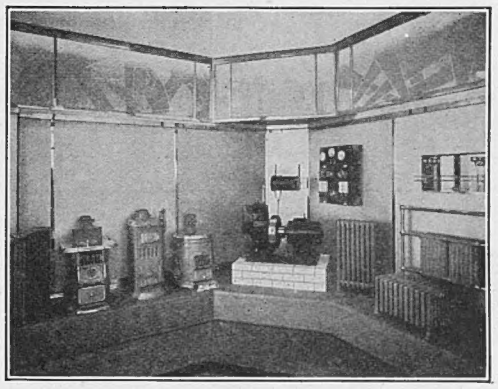

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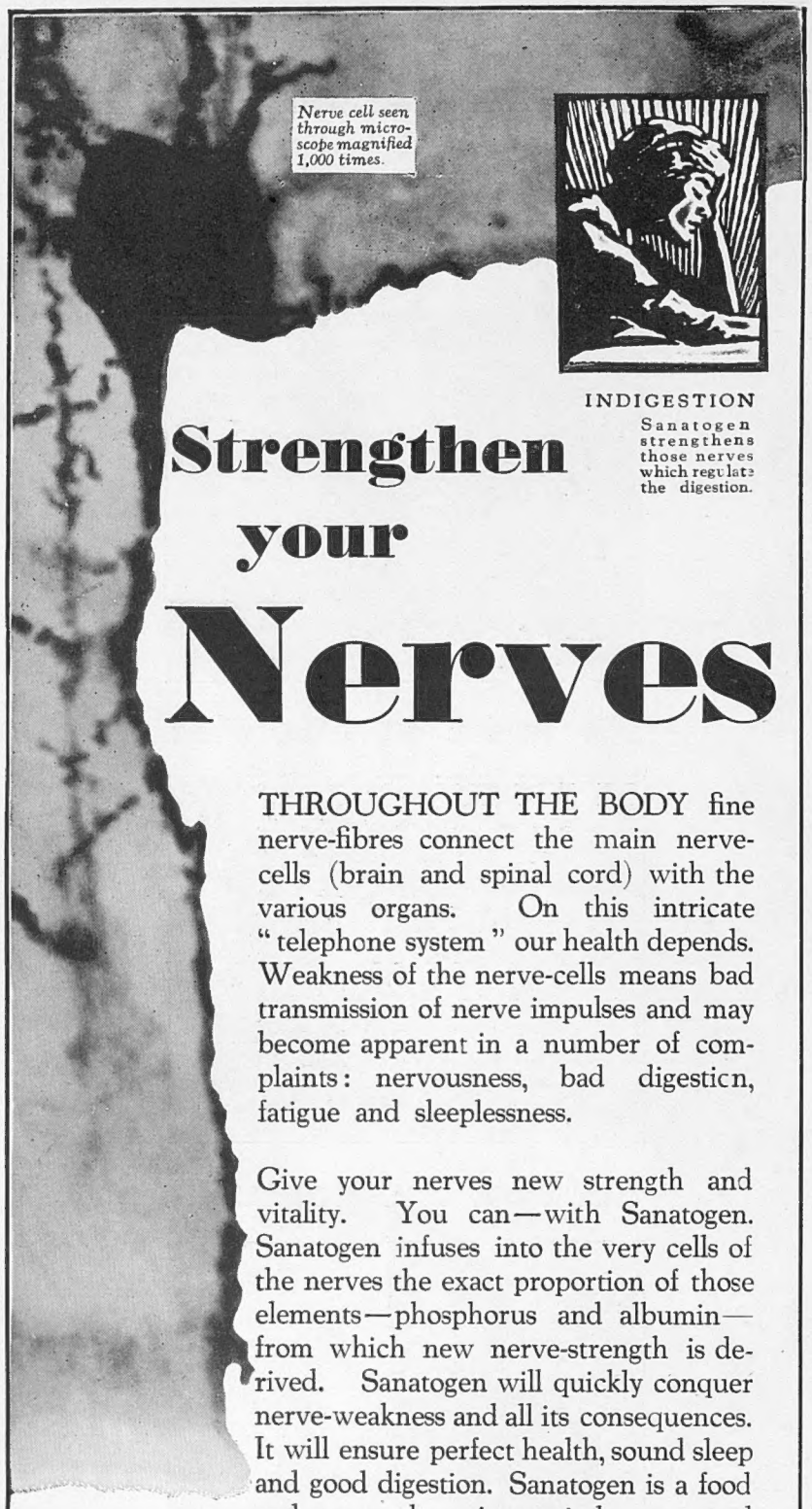

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THE SPHERE

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE

Volume CXX. No. 1565 Price One Shilling. Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d. } London, January 18, 1930

ALL ITALY UNITES TO HONOUR ITS FUTURE KING AND QUEEN

Peasants from Umbria in the ox-drawn wine cart characteristic of the district in the procession of peasantry which was held in Rome last week

The festivities in Rome which were organised to celebrate the Italo-Belgian marriage of Prince Umberto of Piedmont and Princess Marie-José transcended any pageant of recent years. Among the processions was the military parade of 40,000 troops which comprised representatives of every regiment in Italy. But, pictorially effective as the blaze of uniforms was, it was eclipsed by the procession of peasantry. From all over the land the country folk assembled, all in the garb characteristic of their "home towns." The shawls of Venice, the wine-carts of Umbria, the heavy embroideries of the inland towns all jostled each other, providing the spectators with the most picturesque of sights, instinct with living tradition. As they passed the Tribunal outside the Quirinal, where the Royal couple and the Royal guests were seated—King Boris of Bulgaria and the Duke of York were present at the ceremonies—many of the delegations left a gift for their future King and Queen.

A London Newsletter

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.
Wednesday, January 15, 1930.

Our Empire Premier.—It is a happy circumstance for our Empire that one of its greatest sons is for the moment not too preoccupied with the cares and petty tactics of domestic politics to have thought for the wider issue of the Empire. I am not one of those who have underrated or neglected the sound and courageous utterances of General Smuts in England and Canada, and indeed it is difficult to underrate the value of his teaching and his common sense and his example to-day. I have been accused by a correspondent living in Ireland of defeatism in my references to India, and I freely admit that sober caution and current journalism seldom walk hand-in-hand. But when my correspondent, after rating me good-naturedly for my pessimism, admits that he feels that India will eventually be destroyed by British ignorance, I conclude that the gulf between his opinion and mine is not yawning.

"THE MINISTER FOR UNEMPLOYMENT": Mr. J. H. Thomas, whose recent Manchester speech held out great hopes that "the City" was coming to the aid of commerce, and that an era of prosperity was well on the way

Combating Ignorance.—General Smuts is to-day doing an incalculable service to the Empire in combating and correcting British ignorance concerning the nature of the Empire and the importance of Empire unity in the evolution alike of the whole Empire and of its distinct and varied component parts. It is British ignorance which now desires to give way to the clamour of an ignorant and hothead minority in India and to hand over hastily and untimely, before our trusteeship is ripe for winding up, the just heritage of the Indian Empire. In a scheme of such vast importance what matter a few months, a few years? One authoritative voice at least is resounding throughout the Empire, urging us to put away childish things in our conception of Empire and to take the broad view. The man who speaks entered the community of nations, which our Empire is, against his will. He is like St. Paul, a convert, an opponent fairly won over. He contrasts our Empire, soberly and after mature reflection, with the Imperial policy of other nations, and he contrasts it very favourably.

A British League of Nations.—It is no effort to paint the red of Britain over the face of the world, but a solid and logical attempt to achieve a working model of an ideal League of Nations among a number of communities of varying types, divergent aspirations, and distinct racial characteristics. That all these communities should be in the same stage of development is not to be expected, and the danger of acting on such an assumption must not be passed over in silence. General Smuts is doing the work which should at this stage be the supreme duty of the British Premier. But the British Premier is utterly overwhelmed with minor domestic problems, only remotely and obliquely concerned with Imperial policy. General Smuts is acting "without portfolio," but he is doing what is incontestably the most important work in the Empire to-day, and by a happy chance—for it is pure chance—he is best qualified among all living statesmen in the Empire for that task. He has indeed shown that the time has come in the evolution of our Empire to create a new post—that of Prime Minister of Empire.

The Doves are Gathering.—And now London is filling up for the great Conference, perhaps one of the most important ever held in London. Versailles taught us how vital a part is played in post-War conferences and settlements between nations by the corps of typists. And London is full of them. They are beautiful and talented and tactful when interviewed, and they are determined to enjoy themselves in London. They have brought with them some men, by trade politicians, naval experts, Ministers of State. London on her side is not neglecting the occasion. Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Henderson, and Mr. Alexander have been working non-stop ever since January 8, affording to the Japanese and American delegations every possible facility for exchange of preliminary views. Nor has the social side been forgotten. Dinners, luncheons, and soirées are the order of the day. One thing only has been left to Providence unaided, a vital something which human genius can never guarantee to achieve—a contemporaneous access of common sense in Babel. God send that the great Five Power Conference is remembered in History, and not only in social history, and produces results more material than the recollections of a pleasant trip to England by a number of beautiful foreign typists. We have done all we can to set the stage for a grand performance.

A New Renaissance.—I like to think that the coincidence of the Italian Exhibition and the Naval Conference is a happy one. First and last, the Renaissance, so divinely illustrated by the documents now on view at Burlington House, was a total change in the manner of thought of the leading nations of the world. Civilisation emerged from the Dark Ages, came up like Persephone from an underworld of cruelty and lust and ignorance, from groping for truth and faith and hope to find a living, shining world with beauty everywhere and fine ideas and bright ideals glistening like dew on every bud and flower. We, too, have been groping, have lived in dark ages, and believe that once more we are on the threshold of a new age. For at long last, after 2,000 years of modern history the great idea has been authoritatively whispered abroad that the outlawry of war is not after all a vain delusion, an impossible achievement. Perhaps we stand on the threshold of a Renaissance immeasurably greater than that which dawned four centuries ago and are soon to bid farewell to a darker age than any hitherto assessed in history. We have had none of the excuses of our fifteenth-century ancestors for living in a state of barbarism.

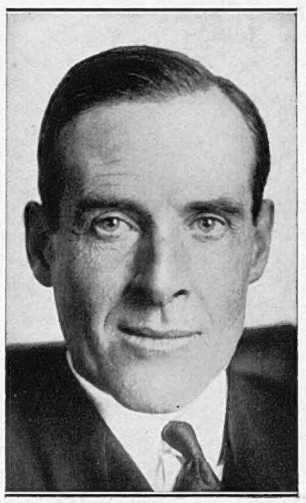
"ENGLAND'S ROCKY MOUNTAIN": Mr. Philip Snowden, lunching at the Hague. He is in truth a rocky mountain on whom the winds of rhetoric beat in vain. He characterised the German delays as "intolerable"

100 Per Cent. Sense.—Perhaps because so few of the words are chosen by me, there is 100 per cent. of sound sense in what follows. On January 31 there will be a public meeting at Kingsway Hall to ascertain public opinion on the question of establishing a National Theatre. Mr. Shaw will speak in favour of a National Theatre subsidised from the Exchequer, and provided like the British Museum with a suitable site free of outgoings. Mr. Shaw has summed the position up exactly. A National Theatre can never pay in the commercial sense, because, even if it were to pay its way, the receipts could and would at once be increased by vulgarising its programme. It is proved to the hilt that the public will never find enough money voluntarily to pay for site, outgoings, building, and running losses. A National Theatre is a vital national educational force and a proper charge on the Exchequer. Finally, the present Premier is understood to be favourably disposed to consider a reasonable proposal. Let us at long last accept the bare truth and present a reasonable and unanimous scheme. If the Exchequer finds the site and bears the annual deficit there is plenty of subscribed money for the building, and then at long last our reproach among the nations will be taken away, and the dawn of culture break over Britain.

The Psychology of Panic.—The Paisley tragedy has evoked much discussion of the psychology of crowds and the nature of panic. Someone shrewdly observed to me how far less was the danger of panic in a mixed crowd than in one composed of persons of a common age, of one sex, or of one class. There is much truth in this. In a mixed crowd of children and grown-ups the instinct of the adult to protect the young, be it parental or less compelling, must inevitably inspire some grown-up person with the life-saving initiative. In an audience of adults of both sexes, the instinct for chivalry (or at the worst sex-rivalry) would be likely to produce the man of the hour; and in an audience or crowd composed of more than one class I conceive that class rivalry or pride would do the same. The theory interests me chiefly because I am always trying to find a simple explanation of the calm serenity with which the French aristocracy faced the guillotine. History has preserved hardly an instance of cowardice, wavering, or even lack of dignity and gaiety. I am certain that pride of class and of family, and chivalry, then active forces, operating in a community absurdly conscious both of sex and of social values, made possible that heroic gesture.

Licence Time.—Licence time falls at a most unfortunate juncture every year. The Christmas bills are still unpaid, the work skimped during the holidays is not yet made up for; the family man is preoccupied with a dozen abnormal worries. But the revenue is a Juggernaut that knows no pity. If you have a car, if you have a dog, if you have the crest of an extinct armorial family on a single egg-spoon, if you charitably employ a manservant, if your income exceeds a certain moderate figure, now is the time when you must fill up Form R.F. 0017 revised and 1700 other revised and simplified forms; now you must buy postal orders, rummage about for mislaid registration books, sign cheques and direct envelopes — not omitting to stamp them. If Governments had any sense, or any time to spare for thinking, the only taxes that would remain in force of those which I have named would be the dog and income tax. All the rest are either unwise, unprofitable, or unregarded.

The Boasts of Heraldry.—Once more we have confirmation of Gray's most famous (and most trite) philosophic reflection. Syon has been found worthy of housing Brentford's drains—the path of glory leads but to the sewage-farm. The Duke of Northumberland's great and frowning villa is not outwardly one of the lovely among Adam houses but the park is valuable for many reasons. The house is a white elephant, and doubtless the estate should now be used in the public interest. But not, if possible, as a sewage-farm. Brentford is ever growing. The West Road is continually increasing the population immediately round Syon, and it is important to ear-mark an open space which the neighbourhood can enjoy more informally than Kew, which is a national and scientific, and not a local, preserve. I can adduce two other good reasons why any attempt to turn Syon into a sewage-farm should be defeated. It is a famous heron sanctuary. I have often seen a hundred herons on the marshes there at a time. And it is also the site—which needs further investigation—of one of London's prehistoric pile-villages, a habitation (enforced) on stilts of our river-dwelling ancestors.



THE OFFICIAL HOST OF BRITAIN: Major E. Crankshaw, the new Secretary of the Government Hospitality Fund, on whom the arrangements for entertaining the foreign delegates to the Five Power Conference will fall

The Water-Bus.—I need not ask SPHERE readers whether they preserve and file their weekly copies of THE SPHERE. Of course they do. The bound copies will provide for our grandchildren a complete and absorbingly interesting history-without-tears and a social history of one of the greatest epochs in the records of human life. I have therefore only to ask readers to turn back to the "Newsletters" of two years ago and hail me a pioneer and a prophet. Sir S. Instone has been lately experimenting with my proposal of two years back that the Thames should be brought back into use as an alternative highway to relieve the congestion of the City routes, and that a fleet of fast steamers and "water-taxis" should ply for hire on the face of the waters between Hammersmith and Tower Bridge. I believe I am right in saying that in his admirable proposal for the new Charing Cross Bridge, a part of which was unofficially shown at Lancaster House last summer, Mr. Edmund Warre, the well-known architect, made provision for a "taxi-stand" or water-bus park in the pool that washes the old Lion Brewery on the Waterloo side. I cannot doubt that scores of City men and barristers who travel up daily on the Southern, would patronise the "stand" by the Lion Brewery in preference to any other mode of transport to their offices. I hope the water-bus idea will soon materialise.

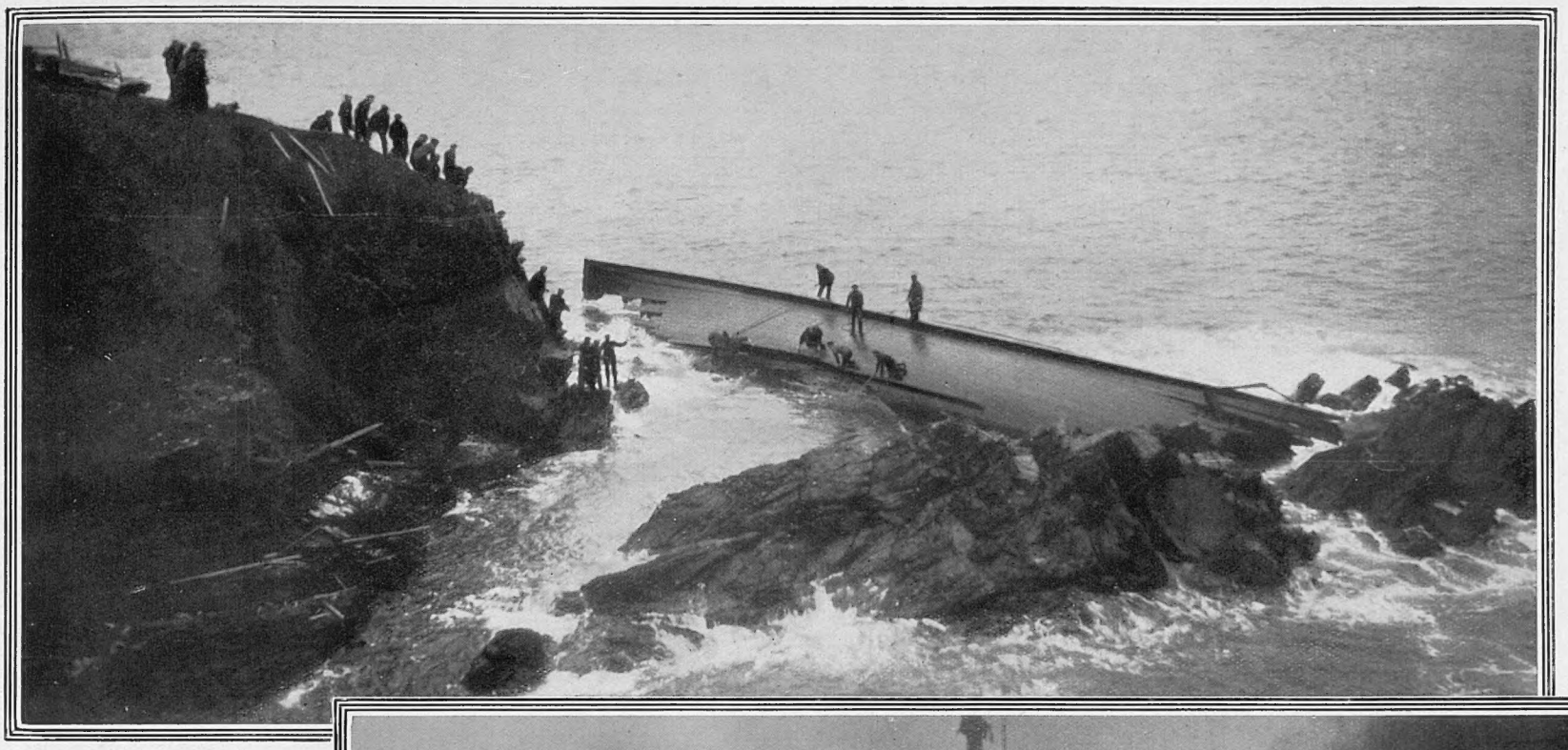
Street Perils.—Readers will find in the current number some striking illustrations of the traffic problem from the pedestrian view-point. Sometimes one is a little too apt to take the pedestrian's side in this most topical and perennial discussion. Certain it is that in crowded cities the pedestrian is more to blame than the driver for the hideous toll of the streets. In big cities the regular drivers are highly trained and highly skilled; and all sorts of drivers are perpetually under police supervision. These things are proved by the fact that even the novice finds it easier and safer to drive in London than on the great trunk roads. But the pedestrian in London and other great cities has not hitherto shown a general desire to conform to a standard of discipline and order. The regular crossing-places are too often neglected, the protecting arm of the law too often despised. People still "thread their way" through the traffic, women still "make that fatal dash" at a sudden whim. If the London walking public would come into line, as the driving public has been forced to do, and would patronise the organised arrangements made for its safety, not only life and limb but time too would be saved.

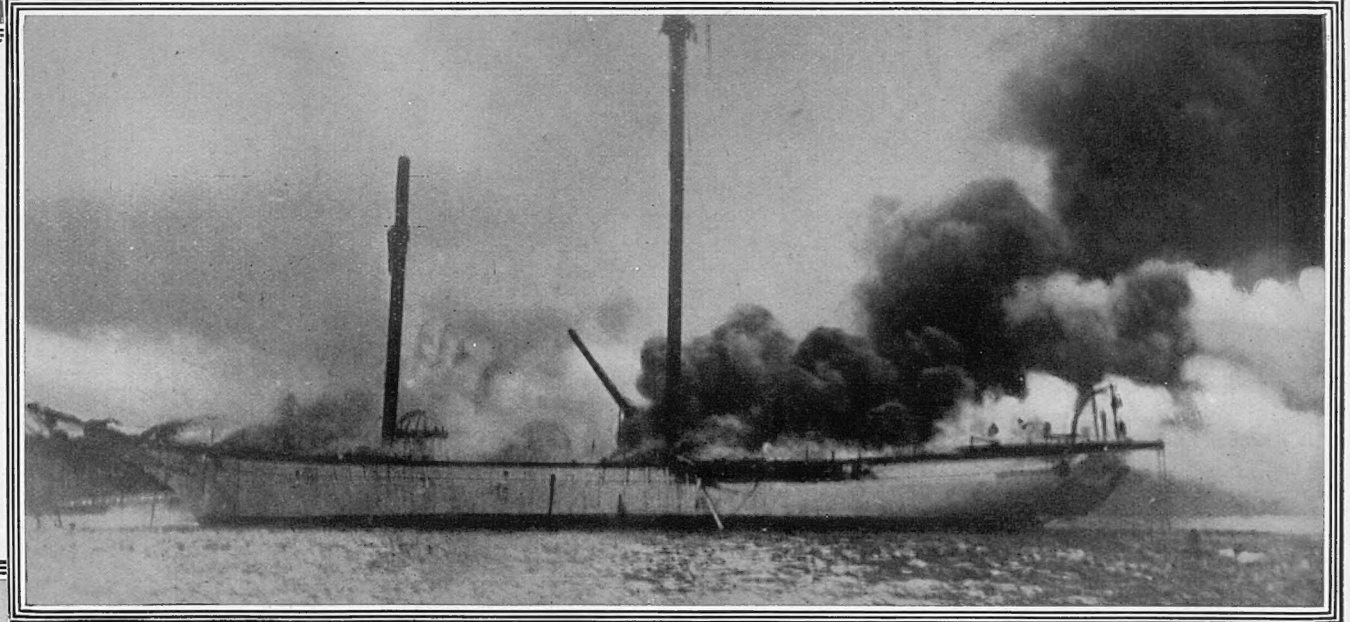
India.—The situation in India goes rapidly from bad to worse, where the gravest danger must be anticipated from the reckless boasts and decisions of a revolutionary minority of Hindu hotheads. The catcalls and ravings of hothead Hindus are not in themselves to be at last deemed worthy of serious consideration, because the voices are louder and more numerous than last year. The Native States, the whole world of Muhammadanism, would shudder at the very idea of revolutionary Hindu rule. But India, in common with the nations that compose Western civilisation, labours under the terrible handicap of lack of education, and the words of fools may very well run like fire through warlike tribes who prefer fighting to conferences and pillage to policies. In all one reads one sees the stage being set, not so much for another upheaval on the lines of the Indian Mutiny, but for a state of chaos and confusion comparable with the present day conditions in China.

THE OLD STAGER.

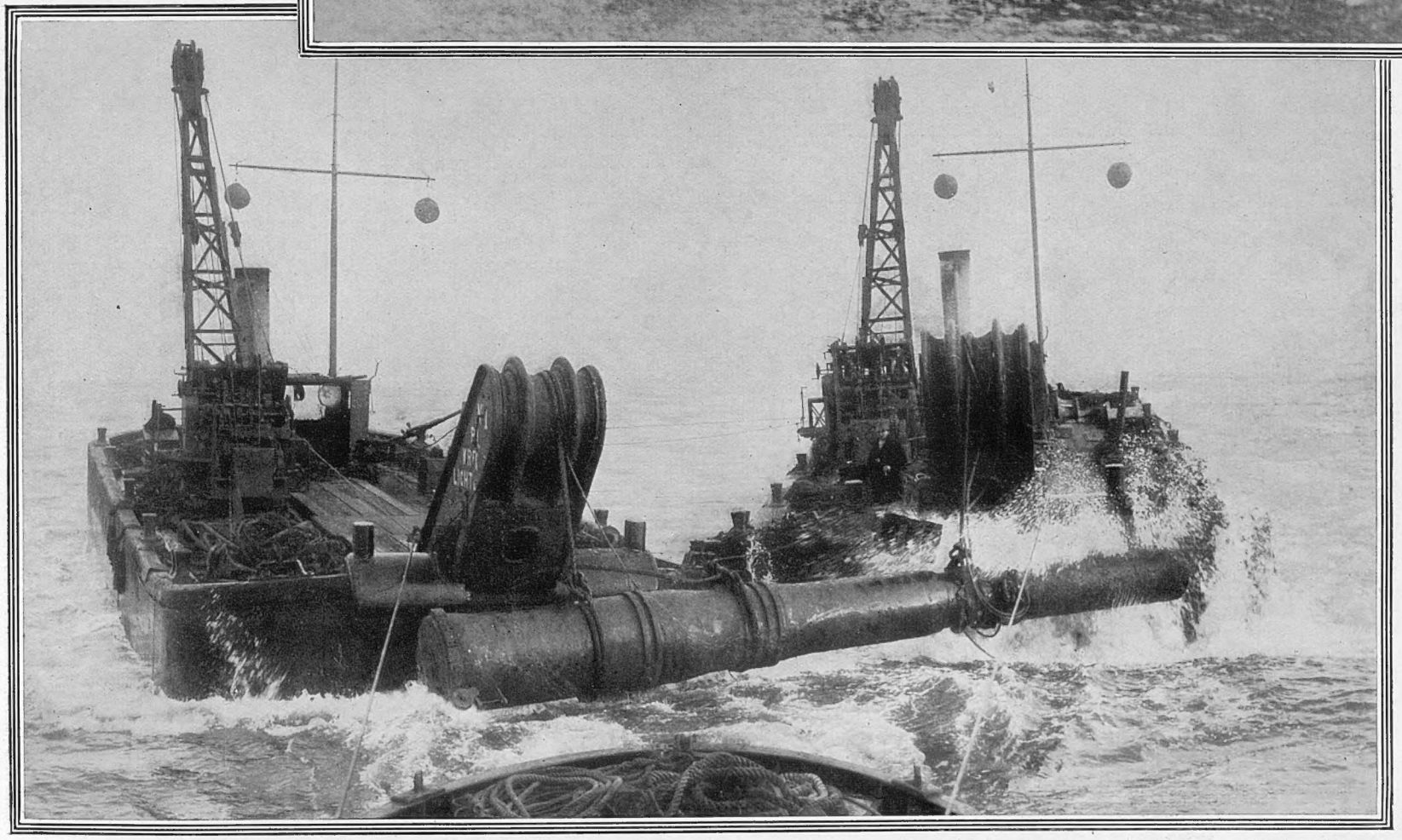
VICTIMS of FIRE and the STORM at SEA.

A Trio of Pictures from Far and Near which Make Up a Page of Marine Disaster





"UNKNELLED, UNCOFFINED, AND UNKNOWN": A derelict vessel, floating bottom up, driven ashore at Scoursburgh, Shetland. No indication of any name or nationality has as yet been discovered thereon. The derelict is a wooden vessel with a keel length of 100 ft. She carried a cargo of dressed timber. The consensus of local opinion inclines to the belief that the vessel was Danish. *On right:* DISASTER AT SEA: A vivid view of the scientific non-magnetic yacht, *Carnegie*, burned to the water's edge in the the harbour of Apia, Samoa



SOUTHEND'S GIANT GUN SALVED AT LAST: The giant gun, weighing 52 tons and measuring over 47 ft. in length, which sank in a gale off Southend Pier in September, 1928, and has remained at the bottom of the sea ever since owing to failure of efforts to locate it, was raised to the surface recently and towed to Gravesend, where it is to be broken up and sold. The gun was discovered by a local fisherman when it caught in his nets. The picture shows how the gun was towed back to Gravesend by the two P.L.A. wreck lighters

FROM *all* QUARTERS ITALY HON

Items in the Four-hour Procession in Rome

THE PAGEANTRY OF PEASANTRY: A group of the loyal and enthusiastic Italian peasants who flocked to Rome from the uttermost parts of the country to cheer their future King and his bride

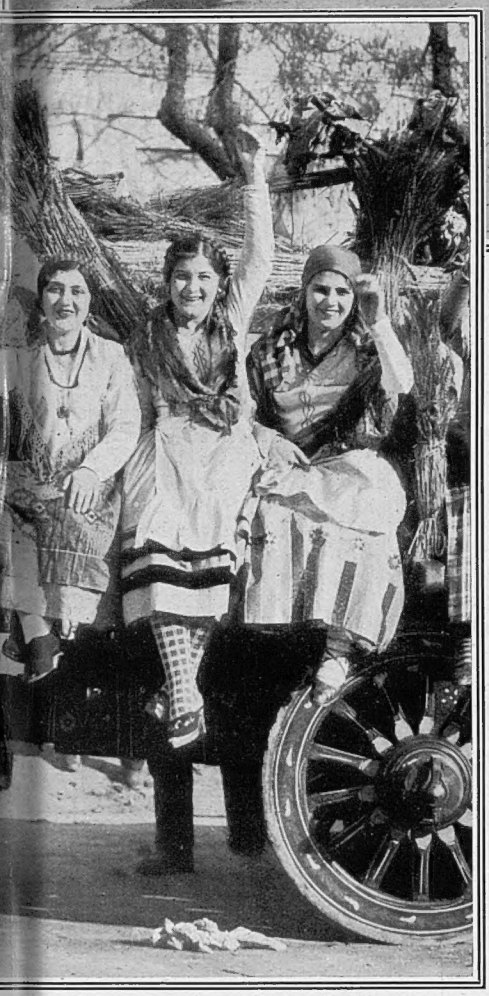
FROM A TOWN OF ABRUZZO: A contingent from Scanno, a little hill town, in the traditional attire of the district. The variety of such costumes is amazingly large

FROM THE LAND OF THE CROSS-BOW: Genoese girls wearing wide-brimmed hats and bearing wicker baskets of flowers. On left is a two-seater from Matera—a mu bearing two attractively dressed women in embroidered gowns and aprons

Before the wedding of the Prince of Piedmont and the Princess of Belgium a superb procession was held. For four hours the Royal couple and the Royal guests watched detachment upon detachment of peasants, each clad in the particular garb of the district from which it came, marching past the Tribunal outside the Quirinal. Many

JRS *her* FUTURE KING *and* QUEEN.

Peasants in their National and Traditional Costumes



THE ADRIATIC: Venetian girls in their famous shawls. Above are peasants from Tuscany and Calabria with the wax doll and cradle they presented. On right are girls from Campo Basso

MUSICAL HONOURS: Cagliari women preceded by an accordion. On right is a Sardinian bridal couple; note the rolled-over head-dress of the processional bridegroom. In centre grouped on a picturesque wagon are peasants from Romagna

of the parties brought gifts in kind — maize or grapes or what not — while others presented donations of all kinds, laying them at the foot of the dais. Such a concentrated phantasmagoria of costume — Campo Basso, Romagna, Tuscany, Calabria, Genoa, Sardinia, and Cagliari were all represented — has never been seen before.

World Affairs

An Intimate Causerie *on Items of International Interest*

By **LADY DRUMMOND-HAY**

Progress in Aviation.—The Old Year ended, and the New Year began, with a series of tragedies in the air which have been a shock to aviation, showing that the proud claim of man to the "conquest" of the air is still somewhat boastful. That these disasters in the air will not check aviation, and but serve to intensify efforts of designers, engineers, inventors, and scientists towards greater safety, goes without saying.

The most historic and greatest aerial achievement of 1929 was the Round-the-World flight of Dr. Hugo Eckener with the *Graf Zeppelin*, carrying fifty-nine crew and passengers, and the several records established, apart from the fact that it was the first circumnavigation of the globe by air. The records include crossing the Atlantic in forty-two hours; the longest non-stop distance flight of approximately 6,030 miles from Friedrichshaven to Tokio. Berlin to Tokio in ninety-three hours; first crossing of the Pacific by air, and that in sixty-eight hours. In its very short life so far, the *Graf Zeppelin* has flown approximately 70,000 miles. Exclusive of crew, it carried a total of 1,574 passengers without injury to one. A total of 820,000 letters and post cards were carried on forty-two flights, bringing a very handsome return estimated at approximately £80,000.

Next I would be inclined to rank Rear-Admiral Byrd's remarkable flight over the South Pole, and Lady Bailey's 18,000 miles solo flight in a Moth to South Africa and back; as the most spectacular feats in the air during 1929. To India and back in eight days, averaging over 1,000 miles a day, was the achievement of Captain C. D. Barnard and the Duchess of Bedford in a Fokker machine.

In design, construction, and development of heavier-than-air craft, the prize of the year goes to Dr. Claude Dornier for his twelve-engined German *Do. X*, with which I made a flight some time ago. Of the small aircraft the British *Gipsy Moth* held favourite place, the Prince of Wales himself having bought one, which he uses frequently. The completion of the British giant airships *R 100* and *R 101* also ranks as a noteworthy event in the air. They are as yet largely experimental, will prove most valuable as training ships, and for the study of possibilities of lighter-than-air craft.

The two tri-motored German Rohrbach seaplanes, built for the Lufthansa for mail service between Europe and South America, proved a failure. Both crashed into the sea and sank.

The Do. X in 1930.—The passenger and mail flight of the twelve-engined Dornier *Do. X* across the Atlantic, scheduled for February or March, has been postponed because of the complete failure of the air-cooled motors. General Italo Balbo, the Italian Minister of Aviation, himself an enthusiastic and daring pilot, was the first to remark to me, "Don't make the Atlantic flight on the *Do. X* with those motors. She cannot make it with them." Dr. Dornier came to the same conclusion and is returning to water-cooled motors. In fact, I hear from America, too, that there is a general trend to water-cooling for motors over 400 h.p.

Next to the German *Do. X*, Italy has the largest aeroplane in the giant 6,000-h.p. six-engined Caproni "bomber" weighing 17½ tons. Dr. Giani Caproni also is completing in his Milan works this month a spectacular three-engined monoplane of 3,000 h.p. It has a wing-spread of 35 metres, and a long, lank, racy body. Signor Caproni, the designer and builder, expects that carrying only petrol and crew, the radius of action of this craft can be stretched to more than 6,000 miles for record purposes.

At another works in Milan the Italians are building another very large 'plane, somewhat of a "mystery" ship, which it is confidently expected will capture the long-distance record for Italy. It is tri-motored, 1,500 h.p., of unique design, wing-spread just over 100 ft. Exceptional cruising speed, and a radius of 10,000 to 11,000 kilometres are looked for in this craft. There is even hope that this 'plane may take from the *Graf Zeppelin* the round-the-world record.

Germany is beginning work this month on a new Zeppelin, considerably larger and faster than the *Graf Zeppelin*. With the latter, Dr. Eckener is planning a flight in May from Seville to Rio de Janeiro, thence to New York and Lakehurst, with a landing on a motoring-mast at Natal on the coast of Brazil.

In the United States development is toward larger passenger 'planes and four engines.

The One Panacea.—"Bahaism is the key to World peace. A generation of Bahais could command a millennium," declared to me a visitor from the Far East, à propos of the impending Naval Conference.

In the course of my travels I have met one or two professed Bahais, heard discussion of their principles, and been told that disciples of this new philosophy or religion abound all over the world. Now I understand that the Bahais expect to demonstrate their spiritual force and potential value to a peace-seeking world at a universal religious peace conference at Geneva, this year.

The principles of Bahaism include independent investigation of the Truth; the identical foundation of all religions; the essential agreement of religion and science—"if religion is not in conformity with reason, it is superstition"; the equality of men and women; universal peace; spiritual solution of the economic problem—communism of hearts as opposed to arbitrary communism of property; an International tribunal; a universal language as an auxiliary language to be taught in all schools of the world; universal education, combining spiritual knowledge with mastery of a trade, art, craft, or profession.

My friend hastened to assure me that Bahaism borrowed nothing from modern Socialism or Communism, the movement having originated in Persia in 1844, when a young man named Mirza Ali Mohamed declared that he was the "Gate of Knowledge"—the "Bab," which is Arabic for door or gate—and that he was inspired with a mission to the world. From the first he attracted many disciples, and later on the unfavourable notice of the Shia Moslem authorities who were responsible for his martyrdom in Tabriz. The work of the Bab was carried on by a nobleman disciple, Mirza Hussein Ali, who escaped with his life, but was condemned to exile. After his death in 1892 his son, Abdu'l-Baha carried on the work of conversion and propaganda, touring Europe twice and the United States once. Abdu'l-Baha was knighted by the British Government for service in Palestine, and since his demise in 1921, his grandson, Shoghi Rapbany is head of the movement.

Bahaism is a cult rather than a religion, and I have met two or three Europeans in the East who were much interested in the philosophy. They hinted at the time that Bahaism could boast many adherents who did not profess themselves as such.

"We are going to surprise the world this year. Bahaism is a world movement for peace already more powerful because its motive power and impetus are more sincere and unsullied than all the peace Pacts and pacific conferences of an insincere and self-interested civilisation."

India Awakes.—There comes a time in the life of every normally-developing individual when he or she wants to be independent and free to live and direct his or her own life. And there comes a time in the history of every nation or people when it wants to be independent and free to govern itself in the manner and system of its own choice as best it can.

The spirit of freedom is the spirit of human progress. Do not we of the Western world place a particularly high value on the attainment of independence, and give a tremendous impetus to that desire for freedom and self-government by stamping those nations governed by aliens as "inferior peoples"?

The time has come again in the long history of India when it wants to be self-governing, wholly independent, or enjoy Dominion status. The cycle of time has been completed in and for India. The spirit of freedom and progress long slumbered in that land. From a high civilisation it fell, like China, and to a lesser degree Egypt, far behind the progressive younger Western races. Now the beginning of a new cycle is manifesting itself in the entire East.

The problem of India is one of the gravest that confronts us in the New Year. The day is past when we can consider it only and alone from the standpoint of political and material British interests. We are now in the age of renunciation of force, of the Kellogg Pact, League of Nations, self-determination, disarmament, idealism, pacifism.

We must not forget that not only did Britain acquiesce in these Pacts, covenants, and instruments, but that we played a leading part in bringing about this "New Thought" trend in world policy. It has become the basis and inspiration of a powerful public opinion. Britain no longer has that freedom of action that once was hers. Conservatives, Liberals, Labour—all contributed to that end.

THE REGENT OF HUNGARY: The portrait of Admiral Horthy, painted, for the tenth anniversary of his regency, by Geza de Hoffmann of Budapest

Dominion Status?—Central command and control of Empire no longer rests in London except as a symbol. Australia, New Zealand, and Canada have taken to themselves an independence which enables them even to refuse admission of British citizens to their countries from the outside. Canada and the South African Union have their own diplomatic representatives in some capitals. All these facts of change within the Empire cannot be ignored in approaching and dealing with the situation in India.

There is no statesman to-day in England strong enough to defy public opinion at home or abroad. We cannot and do not desire to leave out of consideration the very natural ambition to be self-governing as is evidenced by the work of the Simon Commission. Its findings are certain not to meet the full demands of Indian Nationalists. What to do? Defeat in Parliament of the Labour Government's policy towards India or Egypt is almost certain to return a larger and more radical Labour representation at new elections. To let the problems of India and Egypt drift on neither solves nor removes them.

The initiative should remain in our hands, and not be permitted to slip from us.

Whether the voluntary granting of Dominion status to India without unneccessary delay would take the wind out of the sails of the extremists demanding entire severance from Britain is a difficult question. It would give us a very strong position in world public opinion which knows that India is not yet ready for complete independence.

The spirit of Woodrow Wilson, which left this earth bitterly disappointed, broken, and crushed, is having its revenge from beyond the grave.

Beauty's New Profession.—Tax-collecting in Japan is a superman-size job, it seems. But as supermen are scarce in tax-collecting circles, the town of Ishinomaki, for one, has appealed for young and beautiful girls to venture in where menfolk have been indignantly kicked out.

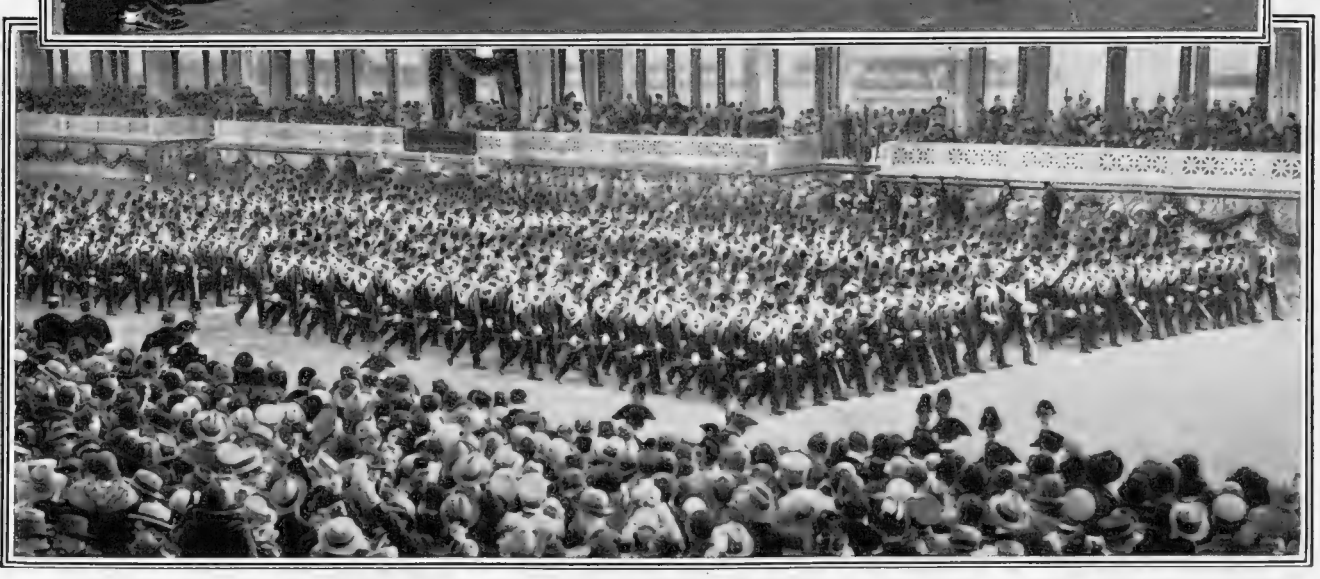
Rough treatment of male tax-collectors by angry citizens during the performance of their unenviable duty has not at all discouraged the ingenious Ishinomaki Prefecture. Instead they thought out a way to make tax-paying a pleasure, not a penance. In future only young and beautiful girls will be employed as tax-collectors in the town, which was recently posted with notices inviting "beautiful girls less than twenty-five years old" to attend an examination of lady applicants for the posts of tax-collectors. Successful applicants will be given two months' training and then started off in their new and—for Japanese women—very novel career. Anything but a life-job. "Too old at thirty," they may demandto retire on a pension. The town will probably find it cheaper in the end to pay up amiably to unbeautiful men.

BAPTISM of the WATERS in BUCAREST

And the Military Aspect of the Royal Wedding Festivities in Rome, where a Review of 40,000 Representative Troops Was Held

THE BAPTISM OF THE WATERS: The historic rite celebrated on New Year's Day in Bucarest. In the presence of prelates, a crucifix is cast down and the peasantry immersed in the water rush to get it. The fortunate winner of the contest is given a substantial money prize. Prince Nicholas cast the cross this year and is seen above the instant after having done so

A PRIEST OF RUMANIA: One of the imposing bearded figures in the procession which preceded and followed the "Baptism of the Waters," the ancient New Year's Day rite celebrated in Bucarest. In addition to the contest among the peasants for the cross, cast near the waters of the Dimbovita, a great procession, with sacred banners and the priests in their most magnificent robes, is held



A REVIEW OF 40,000 TROOPS: A glimpse of the great parade held in Rome just after the marriage of the Italian Crown Prince to the Princess of Belgium. Detachments from every regiment in the country participated in it, and it was watched with interest by many of the royalties attending the wedding. *Above*—Signor Mussolini is seen accompanied by staff officers reviewing, at Ciampino Aerodrome, the representatives of the Air Force present at the Royal Wedding

A LAST LOOK ROUND.

HAVOC: Fallen trees in Hemel Hempstead trapped an ambulance van

THE BLOCKING OF THE BRIGHTON ROAD: A general view of the traffic threading its way under the direction of police and road guides at Handcross. For some time the road was impassable

AN ENGLISH CYCLONE: A house in Tooting almost demolished

THE DUVEEN GALLERY: The new portion of the National Gallery. The lighting in it is quite unusual as one stands in darkness beneath the vaulting and the pictures are lit up by flat window gratings in the roof

GOOD-BYE TO THE N.S.C.: A picture of Jim Driscoll taken from the old premises in King Street, Covent Garden, to Soho Square

THE L.N.E.R. MONSTER: The new type of locomotive, No. 10,000, has just made its first long-distance run with great success

THE AMBASSADOR OF EMPIRE: The Prince of Wales with General Trotter and the British Consul at Madeira laughing over his avoidance of the crowds

WHENCE THE KING WILL BROADCAST: The Office of Works is clearing up the Royal Gallery in the House of Lords in readiness for the Naval Conference. From the steps above the King will open the Conference and his speech will be broadcast on Tuesday, January 21. Maclise's picture of Trafalgar hangs, ironically enough, in the background. Above is the Conference room at St. James's Palace, where the Naval Conference will sit

NOTABLE LECTURES: These two pictures show the models of primitive Nile boats. The models were used to illustrate Mr. S. R. K. Glanville's lecture on Ancient Egypt—one of the admirable Royal Institution Christmas lectures held recently in its temporary home, the Institution of Electrical Engineers. The porous reed boats appear on right

HUMOURS of LAKE NEMI : *As seen by* BISCARETTI.

THE SURPRISE.

The archæologists' boat has drawn cautiously near to the remains of the ship, just emerging from the waters. Suddenly from the bottom of the lake appear fierce Pretorian Guards in defence of their banqueting emperors and their house. Women and nobles seek oblivion in wine; they ask of alcohol the divine power to continue to live in the period of Imperial Rome. Why destroy their peace?

THE FISHERMEN'S HAUL.

Whilst the workmen are busy emptying the lake, other willing people are occupied in fishing. In their net, miraculously full, comes to light a strange, unknown world. Cæsar's motor-car is brought to light; a portrait of Caligula, by Raphael; the chess-board used by Cicero and Catilina; the skis of Romulus and the braces of Remus attached to the boat in which Cincinnatus went up the Tiber to retire into the country; a couple of frightened Pretorian Guards; a copy of "The Sphere" bearing the news of the foundation of Rome; Nero's emerald; the rifle of Spartacus; and, wonder of wonders, the undiscoverable Second Book of Livy

"The original lines of the old barn had been left unchanged"

STABLES *for* TWO.

By WEARE HOLBROOK

Mr. Holbrook's moving narrative was written from poignant experiences in the States, but his story will be read, not without appreciation, by those who have encountered the same circumstances on this side of the Atlantic

The country home of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Peregrine at Higgins Point has received considerable publicity. You may have seen pictures of it in the glazed paper magazines, along with family groups of gladioli and advertisements of wrought-iron sundials. It was originally a barn, and the Peregrines have spent a fortune in an effort to preserve its barn-like atmosphere.

I can remember the time when Al Peregrine and his wife were so poor they had to live in a house—and an apartment house at that. They had only the barest necessaries, such as elevator service, hot and cold running water, steam heat, and electric refrigeration.

But now they live in a barn—as luxurious a home as any horse could ask for. Mrs. Peregrine found it at Higgins Point, on a farm that had been abandoned by an old New England family of excellent judgment. It was more than one hundred years old and was still standing on its original foundation. This, considering the state of the foundation, was no mean feat; the masons who built it had scorned the use of mortar, merely laying one flat rock on another and trusting to the force of gravity.

Phœbe and I spent a week-end out there last winter. At that time the work of remodelling had been under way for a year-and-a-half, and you never would have guessed that the place had once been a stable—that is, if you kept both your eyes shut tight and held your breath.

The original lines of the building had been left unchanged, but the weather-beaten walls had been painted white, and the broad door of the carriage-shed had been replaced by a pair of windows with green blinds. The platform of the hay scales served as a sort of porch; when several people walked across it simultaneously, it swayed in a seagoing manner like the floor of a Coney Island crazy house. "You'll get used to it," said Mrs. Peregrine reassuringly, as Phœbe and I clutched at each other for support. "Alfred always says a stroll on the porch is as good as a cocktail before dinner."

The front door was one of those old-fashioned stable doors, divided across the middle. You have to open the upper half first; then while you are unfastening the lower half the upper swings back and whacks you on the side of the head. This is one of the reasons why so many of the young men of America are seeking white collar jobs.

We got into the house with no casualties except a couple of pinched fingers. "This is the sitting-room," said Mrs. Peregrine. "It used to be the harness-closet and the blacksmith shop, but we knocked out the partition and made one big room of it."

"Oh!" gasped Phœbe. "Isn't it just too"——

"By George!" I exclaimed, taking my cue. "It certainly is!"

"You see, this fireplace is really a smithy's forge," said Alfred Peregrine. "Here are the bellows and anvil and everything, just as we found them. I've been doing a little research among the records at the town hall, and I've discovered that this barn belonged to a man named Elam, who was wounded in the War of 1812. It was doubtless the scene of many incidents connected with that historic conflict, such as the making of ammunition, the shoeing of cavalry horses and the storing of rations. If you will step this way I will show you a bullet-hole."

It was evident that there had been other week-end visitors before us—hundreds of them, probably—for Mr. Peregrine spoke with the glib efficiency of a professional guide. I felt as if we ought to buy a few post-cards to send to the folks back in Iowa.

"That," he announced rather defiantly, pointing to a spot on the wall above the fireplace, "is a bullet hole."

It looked to me like a nail hole, but I was in no position to argue about it. "Well, well!" I exclaimed. "A bullet hole, eh?"

"A bullet hole!" cried Phœbe, gazing at it raptly as if her fondest dreams had been realised—Phœbe, who had been born in Chicago, only a bomb's throw from the Loop.

"It's very interesting," I remarked, "but still, I don't believe it's the sort of thing I should care to *live* with.

"We like it," said Mrs. Peregrine.

The toolshed had been converted into a refectory, with very few changes. There was a battered work-bench in the middle of the room, and this served as a table. They had left it just as they had found it, with a toolrack full of chisels, screw-drivers, reamers, files, and other implements, ranged along the side, and a large iron vice fashioned to one end. The edges of the work-bench were scarred and splintered; apparently it had been used as a chopping block by the same erratic carpenter who designed the rough-hewn beams in the ceiling. It was not the ideal dining table, but it was conducive to good manners at least; you couldn't put your elbows on it without getting them full of sliver.

I half expected our hostess to serve us with nosebags, but the dinner was quite conventional, except that we were obliged to sit on three-legged milking stools which must have been made in Germany, where they have dachshund cows. At first I was so far below the level of the table that I could have used a syphon for my soup. Later I evoked a sort of semi-crouch—half sitting, half standing. It was great exercise for developing the thigh muscles.

When we returned to the living room Mrs. Peregrine showed us the hoof-marks on the floor, the wooden pegs on the wall where harness had been hung, the wrought-iron hinges on the feed-boxes, and the old watering trough which had been made into a bookcase. We had to take her word for most of it, as the only illumination was furnished by an ancient coal-oil lantern. It was one of the old-fashioned "reflector" variety, but its reflections were entirely introspective, owing to a thick layer of rust and cob-webs. Mrs. Peregrine said she had scoured the country for that lantern; but she forgot to scour the lantern itself.

The guest-rooms were in the hayloft, which was divided by partitions, and entrance to the loft was gained—if you were lucky—by means of an almost perpendicular stairway. The steps were just wide enough to allow a toe-hold. With a running start you could get halfway up in no time at all, but the latter part of the ascent had to be negotiated slowly and carefully. One mis-step and you were back where you started, only more so.

Not being human flies, Phœbe and I found that the business of getting up to our bedroom was rather a miss-and-hit affair; every time we missed a step we hit the bottom. When I finally did reach the top I felt like yodelling.

Our bedroom contained as choice a collection of antiques as I have seen off Madison Avenue. There was a mahogany four-poster, a black walnut bureau and an ottoman, not to mention highboys, lowboys, attaboys, and several little square-hooked rugs, which were so thick that they were practically cubic.

"Oh!" exclaimed Phœbe, when she saw the bedroom. "Isn't this ducky!" Ducky was the word. The doorway was only 5 ft. high and the ceiling not much higher. You had to duck when you came in, and keep on ducking until you went out. Wherever you went there were rafters lurking overhead, big rough-hewn beams that had cracked many a cranium in their day.

There was another hazard in the form of a feed chute midway between the bed and the bureau. It was a hole in the floor through which years ago hay had been pitched down to the animals in the stable. Undressing by candlelight I stepped on it, thinking it was just another hooked rug. The next moment the wind was rushing in my ears, and I landed with a thud at the foot of Mr. Peregrine's bed, one floor below.

Breathless and shaken by my fall, I pointed to the hole in the ceiling. "You ought to have it boarded up," I gasped. "It's—it's dangerous."

"Oh, I don't know," mused Mr. Peregrine. "In all the time we've lived here only three people have fallen through that hole. And one of them was a mere child."

"We like it," added Mrs. Peregrine complacently.

During the remainder of our stay with the Peregrines I managed to keep out of the feed chute, but I continued to batter my brow against low-hanging rafters and pick up splinters and trip over ramps that were entirely too rampant. There were moments when, listening to the stable-talk of our host and hostess, I actually felt like a horse, and Phœbe said that on the last night of our visit there I chewed the bedpost and whinnied in my sleep.

I suppose the Peregrines felt sorry for us going back to live in a plain, ordinary house that had never been anything but a house. "Really," Phœbe confided to me, "I'm almost ashamed to invite them to our home. It's so modern and conventional. It has no atmosphere."

But when the Peregrines returned our visit a few weeks later we were prepared for them. True, we hadn't been able to find any abandoned barn to remodel, but we had found the next best thing—an abandoned garage.

"Oh, how *quaint!*" exclaimed Mrs. Peregrine as we turned into the gravelled driveway. "And do you really live here?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Phœbe. "Of course, we've made a few changes, but not enough to destroy the character of the building."

"Notice the fine old padlock," I said, swinging open the door. "It's authentic Sears-Roebuck. I looked it up in the catalogue."

Mr. Peregrine hesitated for a moment on the threshold, and the door—after the manner of garage doors—swung shut, sending him sprawling on the concrete floor. When he got up his hands and knees were black with oil.

"You can see it's a genuine garage," asserted Phœbe proudly, pointing to a pool of grease on the floor. "There's where the cars used to stand, and those nails on the wall were for wrenches, overalls, and old inner tubes. This is our living-room now, and we've converted the machine shop and the toolshed into bedrooms."

"There were all kinds of curiosities in the attic," I continued. "We found a 1922 licence plate, and one of those old-fashioned tyre pumps that works by hand. I'll take you up there later."

Mr. Peregrine glanced surreptitiously at his watch, and Mrs. Peregrine tried not to notice a large smudge of oil on her white kid gloves.

"Do sit down," urged Phœbe, indicating an empty gasoline barrel in the corner of the room. "We don't have any chairs because we feel that they wouldn't harmonise with the stone of the place. But there are some old seat cushions"——

"Oh, I'm not a bit tired," said Mrs. Peregrine sweetly.

"Those dents in the rear wall," I explained to Mr. Peregrine, "were made by the original owner, whose originality seems to have consisted in stopping his car without applying the brakes. Now, if you'll step into the dining-room I'll show you some antique tire-irons and a genuine hand-sewn blow-out patch."

The Peregrines did not linger long. They left that same afternoon and there was a noticeable coolness in their voices as they said good-bye. "Oh, dear!" sobbed Phœbe when they had gone. "I'm afraid they didn't like this place at all. Probably it isn't quaint enough for them."

"Nonsense!" I replied, wiping away her tears with a handful of waste. "There's as much atmosphere in an old New York garage as there is in an old New England barn—every bit as much. They're just jealous, that's all."

"There was another hazard in the form of a feed chute between the bed and the bureau. . . . . I stepped on it"

The CRYSTAL COURSES *of the* STARS.

The Latest Developments at the Mount Wilson and the Berlin Babelsberg Observatories

TWELVE MILLIONS OF BILLIONS OF MILES AWAY! A striking picture of a spiral nebula in Ursa Major, commonly known as The Plough, Charles's Wain, or the Big Dipper. Even astronomers find such figures as these cumbersome, so they use the phrase and the measurement of "light-year." As light travels 186,000 miles a second, the distance a ray of light would travel in a year is nearly six million million miles. This nebula is estimated to be at a distance of 2,000,000 light years—which involves the premiss that the light we see actually left the star 2,000,000 years ago! The picture was taken at Mount Wilson Observatory with the 60-inch reflector—one of the largest in the world. The central portion of this nebula is unresolved, but the outer region is made up of swarms of individual stars—it is a veritable island universe, as described by Mr. W. J. Luyten in "The Sphere" of November 23

A GIANT SPECTROGRAPH: This Zeiss product has just been installed at the Berlin-Babelsberg Observatory, affixed to a 1·25 metre-diameter mirror-telescope. The spectrograph weighs 260 kilograms

AN OPERA GLASS FOR THE HEAVENS! A gigantic telescope at the Mount Wilson Observatory—the 100-inch Hooker telescope, one of the most powerful instruments yet constructed

Paganini the *Mysterious.*

The Inner History of the Fascinating Musician, known as the Pre-eminent Violinist of all Time; the Creator of the "Devil's Sonata," who was alleged to be Satanically Inspired, was also a Genius of the Guitar

By Professor SANTE BARGELLINI

(Translated by S. W. KEYTE)

A GENIUS OF TWO INSTRUMENTS : Nicolo Paganini, violin at shoulder, with the inevitable guitar on his table

When I was a student of Greek and Latin philology at Florence I really studied nothing but the guitar. In Luciano Castagna I had found a marvellous master, one whose playing moved me more than any other. Even Segovia, whom I heard at Nice a few years ago, failed to affect me so profoundly. Perhaps Segovia surpassed my old master in technique, but no one ever brought his audience to such a pitch of enthusiasm as did Luciano Castagna.

A *glissé* as executed by him on the second or fourth string acquired all the eloquence, all the pathos, of a 'cello—perhaps even more. The Florentines went into ecstasy, as English audiences did also when Castagna gave concerts in London some forty years ago.

Naturally I was his most fervent admirer. One evening an old friend who had just left the maestro's house said to me suddenly: "If you only knew how Paganini played the guitar!" "And how did he play?" I asked, full of curiosity, "like Castagna perhaps?" The old music-lover folded his hands, lifted his eyes, and then said: "Paganini was as far beyond Castagna as Castagna is beyond you."

To my ardent young mind the boundaries of art seemed suddenly to recede as the horizon widens when one climbs a mountain. Art indeed is infinite, and one who listens with his ear to a shell should not think that he has caught all the tumultuous music of the ocean.

But was my old friend right? Was Paganini as marvellous on the guitar as on the violin?

Now it should be remembered that Paganini began to play the guitar in his youth, when he amused himself by teaching it to his little sister, and that for *three whole years* he gave up the violin to devote himself to the guitar. The instrument never left his room, and when he died in Nice on May 27, 1840, it was not with his violin beside him but his guitar—laid upon the night-table. The artist who painted Paganini on his death-bed rightly placed a guitar beside him. When I saw this picture in the Paganini Exhibition at Genoa I knew it at once for a Gaetano Guadagnini made in the second (and best) style, between 1824 and 1830, exactly resembling the one owned by my old master, Castagna, which is now my property.

By constant study Paganini naturally worked wonders, and it is not surprising to find him one day on a square in Florence taking the guitar from a poor beggar and playing in such a new and marvellous manner that a crowd gathered to watch the man, whose wonder-working hand seemed to them a more perfect instrument than any inventor could even imagine.

More perfect certainly than the one made by an inventor of Aix-en-Provence, who, so the story goes, devised a skeleton which played the guitar. The inventor's reward was to be brought to trial for witchcraft and burnt together with his magic skeleton. But what a hand must Paganini's have been! How many thousands or tens of thousands of years had to pass before this masterpiece of Nature could, by biological processes, be evolved. The hand is at one and the same time a hammer, pincers, and a drill, and in this regard Nature had given Paganini a miracle of perfection, not indeed extraordinarily large, but extremely supple and pliable. "The thumb of the left hand fell easily upon the palm," and at times he enjoyed showing that he could almost touch his elbow with his hand. The suppleness and the dexterity necessary to execute an infinite variety of movements, faculties which others only acquire by practising day and night, were also for the most part bestowed on him by Nature.

During the last years of his career, especially when European audiences went delirious over the nonchalant way in which he executed passages of unimaginable difficulty, Paganini (incredible as it may seem) never played the violin except at concerts.

The mystery can only be explained in three ways: (1) by the extraordinary natural dexterity of his hands; (2) by the almost maniacal ardour with which he studied in his early years; and (3) by exercising his hand on the guitar, his favourite instrument.

Favourite perhaps for this reason; few musicians—not to mention the public—realise that the six strings of a guitar, can produce more notes than an eight-octave Erard. Count them and you will see that on the finger-board alone you have seventy-two notes, which with six open notes make seventy-eight. Then there are forty-two notes on the sound-board which make 120. Add also the natural harmonics, and the "artificial" ones said to have been invented by De Fossa. What with natural and artificial harmonics we have another 100 notes. Even if a good player only uses one-half of the latter, his total available will be 170. Finally there are notes peculiar to the guitar, such as drum, trumpet, and horn notes, *pizzicato*, *vibrato*, *glissé*, etc. No wonder Berlioz called the guitar "a small orchestra," and Wagner "a great guitar."

Fancy loves to play with the mysteries that envelope Paganini. Take, for example, those of his life, of his art, and of his death.

The mystery of his life. He is said to have spent eight years in prison; kindlier gossips made it four. The spiteful put it down to his having found under his bed a poor priest—the lover of his (Paganini's) mistress. Even the friendliest said of him, "His liaisons led him in his youth to the commission of highway robbery."

In vain did Paganini publish an announcement, supported by affidavits from Italian ambassadors in various countries, that he had never crossed the threshold of a prison, that his life from the age of seven was entirely open to the public, and could be verified year by year; the public and legend insisted that Paganini was a gaolbird, and such, in the eyes of many, he has remained.

At last, the prison legend seeming too simple, certain more discriminating spirits discovered one concerning Satan. The story of "Paganini the Satanist" appeared in the Leipzig *Zeitung für die elegante Welt*: "In reality it had been generally observed and for a long time surmised that Paganini and Satan were most intimately connected, or that they were one and the same person."

More than one biographer has told how Paganini always had a guitar in his hands and how he laid it aside whenever a visitor came. Thrown carelessly on a table, a sofa, or on the bed, it might well seem to be serving no particular purpose; yet it was the study and delight of a great part of the day. How came it, then, that Paganini never performed on the guitar, neither at concerts nor to his friends?

The only time the public ever heard him was at Florence on the Piazza della Signoria, under the Uffizi. Amati in his book tells the same story, the Bohemian biographer, Schottky, likewise, and Fétis reproduces it too, though with one detail altered.

Although Paganini never played the guitar in public he is always spoken of as a guitarist of extraordinary ability. Why then was he never heard in public as were his colleagues, Legnani, Carcassi, or Giuliani, the last of whom became such a personality in London that he published a review (January 1, 1833) entitled *The Giulianad?* The reason is well known to musicians. When a man excels in one instrument he naturally shrinks from being heard on another; for enlarging the field of his efforts simply means dividing and therefore diminishing his fame.

While not avaricious, as another uncharitable legend has it, Paganini was a man of business, as indeed are all the Genoese. His reputation, an artist's only patrimony, meant much to him, and he carefully watched his earnings. Even when invited to dinner or a *conversazione* he never played. Once George IV invited him to play at Court. Paganini named the sum of £100 as his fee—a very high figure for those times. The King courteously objected and offered fifty. And this was the violinist's proud reply: "Your Majesty can hear me for very much less by attending a public performance; for my part I do not allow my fees to be dictated to me."

Besides the financial aspect there was another outstanding reason why Paganini never wished to appear before the public as a guitarist. The guitar is a remarkably complete instrument, in which the last string represents a soprano voice, the second a mezzo-soprano, the third a contralto, and the others a tenor, a baritone, and a bass.

Yet in spite of having all voices the guitar has little voice of its own. In a large theatre its sound cannot carry, and its more delicate effects are lost.

As for the mystery of his death, let it be told with an admixture of legend. The reader will easily discriminate. Everyone knew that Paganini had died in an odour of satanity far removed from that of sanctity. To confirm the gossip, if confirmation were needed, they added that when the priest administered the last rites Paganini could not swallow the sacrament. He was suffering from laryngeal phthisis, which in his last days prevented him swallowing anything at all. From this to asserting that he had spat out the sacrament was but a step—and proceedings were started "to prohibit his interment in sacred ground."

For the time being the body was placed in a coffin and carried to the hospital.

Paganini had a son, Achille, born to him by a beautiful singer of Como, Antonia Bianchi. This young man, who inherited from his father the then fabulous sum of over two millions, deposited with Rothschild, came to the rescue. He wrote, he interviewed, and he pleaded, but all in vain. The coffin remained neglected in a ward of the hospital.

In the meantime a weird legend grew up. The patients, the attendants, and the sisters declared that every night doleful cries and horrid shrieks of pain such as human ear had never heard before, shrieks which no mortal mind could stand, issued from that coffin. Others, pale with fright, affirmed on oath that they had seen horrible demons dancing round it, holding each other by their talons, and laughing most appallingly.

All Nice heard of it. The authorities, not knowing what to do with this shocking violinist who even in death would not be quiet, decided to remove the coffin to the lazaretto (on account of the cholera then raging) and await a reply from the Pope to the petition sent by Paganini's son.

Not even there did the body find peace, for the attendants took it into their heads to put the coffin on the beach outside the gate; here it was soon half covered by the action of a neighbouring stream which carried away the refuse of a nearby olive mill. For over a month the body of him who had been the most applauded of men from Vienna to St. Petersburg, from London to Palermo, lay there like the body of a stray dog.

Finally some friends carried the coffin by night to the peninsula of St. Jean. I know the spot. There only the tempest came, like a faithful lover, to visit him; the rolling thunder and the shrieking wind played him their concert on the fourth string, as he had once played before the astounded audiences of all Europe.

Thence his wandering body journeyed to Genoa, to Marseilles, to the Isle of St. Honorat off Cannes, then once more to Genoa, and finally to Parma, to the Villa Gaiona which he had bought. Thirteen years later the body was exhumed; in 1876 it was transported at night by torchlight from Villa Gaiona back to Parma, escorted by the entire population. In 1893 the violinist, Ondricek, wishing to see the master, had the tomb opened. The body was clothed anew, and a cushion placed under the head; there at last, in a marble sepulchre under a dome supported by eight columns, rests Nicolo Paganini.

THE DEVIL-INSPIRED GOD OF MUSIC: Nicolo Paganini painted by Patten

The PATRIOT of the TYROL

The Epic Story of Andreas Hofer, the George Washington and William Tell of the Mountainous Province just Recorded with Historical Accuracy on the Silver Screen

PATRIOT AND MARTYR: Andreas Hofer portrayed by Herr Fritz Greiner in the film of the vain, but heroic, effort to deliver the Tyrol from the Bavarians and the French in the Napoleonic era. A monument has been erected to Hofer at Berg Isel

THE CALL OF HIS COUNTRY: Father Haspinger (Franz Stein) approaches Hofer to beseech him to continue to head the insurrection. This film has been taken on the actual historical sites where the various incidents occurred. This particular picture shows the Castle of Matrei on the Brenker

GREETING AND HONOUR FROM AN EMPEROR: Eisenstecken (Carl de Vogt) hands a letter of credence and a golden chain to Hofer from the Austrian Emperor Franz, to whom Hofer wished to attach the Tyrol instead of to France and the Bavarians. This picture was taken in the Andreas Hofer-Room at the Hofburg, Innsbruck. Hofer agitated against the French from 1797 until 1805, when he led his troops against Ney. In 1805 his beloved Tyrol was joined to Bavaria, under French dominion. Hofer fought on. In 1809 he defeated the Bavarians and drove them from the Tyrol, and he beat Lefebvre's Napoleonic army, but Austria abandoned the country by the Treaty of Schonbrunn

"FARE THEE WELL, AND IF FOR EVER, STILL FOR EVER FARE THEE WELL": Hofer, his hopes blighted, his faith betrayed, his country abandoned, is taken prisoner by the French, transported to Mantua, and there shot. Before leaving Tyrol he was allowed to bid farewell to his friends

The PROBLEM o

Special Pictures Illustrating One Steps Tak

THE NEW PHALANX OF PEDESTRIANS: It is a characteristic of 1930 (and 1929) traffic that walkers in the great thoroughfares are forced, when the traffic is held up, to stampede across the street in almost as dense a swarm as that formed by the avalanche of vehicles which thunders past

JUGGERNAUT: *A symbolical cr crushed beneath*

A CAUSE OF MANY ACCIDENTS: Threading one's way between slowly-moving traffic induces motorists to curse the pedestrian and puts a severe strain on the driver's nerves. What was possible in less crowded and slower-moving traffic is suicide to-day

OFFICIAL ACTION: In view of the terrific death and accident roll of the streets the authorities have very wisely instituted fixed crossing-places, where the traffic is period held up to admit of pedestrians crossing the street

Sacrificed to speed might well be the generic title to the pictures on these pages, which illustrate the dangers of the streets to pedestrians within the Metropolitan Police area, even as it might serve as the epitaph to the victims in the thousands of accidents that occur every year. The statistics on the subject are formidable enough to awaken the cre ating sympathy of the most casual looker-on on the suffering of others—the pa suffering, the injured, numbered not merely by thousands but by tens of thousands,

the PEDESTRIAN

Civilisation's Gravest Perils, and the Official to Avert it

sion of the peril of the pedestrian who is crush of the all-conquering car

THE LONG, LONG LINE: Traffic stops to-day are long and rare rather than short and frequent. It is no unusual thing for pedestrians to be held up for minutes on end while an avalanche of wheels tears past. This picture shows the massed lines of pedestrians which the new traffic conditions have induced

TO RUN ACROSS A ROAD IS DANGEROUS: A great London daily has inaugurated the "kerb-step"—a joint movement of head and feet—in an endeavour to arrest the fatality roll of the streets. Mr. Kaye Don, the noted racing motorist, is a sponsor of the "kerb-step"

THE FLOCK IN NEED OF A SHEPHERD: As the policeman is holding up the traffic, crossing, when this picture was taken, was safe, but so many will not wait for the shelter of the upraised arm. Above, on left—*SHEPHERDING THE FLOCK: The kindly constable preserves young lives*

hundreds killed, bringing the pain of grief to those near and dear to them. Taking the latest figures available for the twelve months ending on September 30 last, the number of people killed in the Metropolitan Police area works out at 110 per month on an average, the total for the period being 1,320; the number of accidents during the year was 34,866, while the injured make up an army of 116,880 men, women, and children. All these pictures have been specially taken for "The Sphere."

Elliott & Fry
AN ANTHOLOGIST OF NOTE: Mr. Harold Monro, whose anthology of modern poetry is reviewed below

OF THE MODERNS MODERN: Mr. William Gerhardi with all the paraphernalia of the author beside him

THE AUTHOR OF "PLUCK THE FLOWER": Mr. John Brophy, whose successful novel was published recently by Dent

ARNOLD PALMER *writes of* PROSE AND POETRY ANTHOLOGIES.

Something, surely, besides the state of the liver must be responsible for our recurrent periods of consciousness of the overflowing beauty of the world. The tops of the daffodil leaves, the Italian pictures, a royal sunset, scraps of the Kreutzer Sonata floating from a window and pulsing on through eternity in the ether, the caked mud of paddocks drying on the winter coats of old horses, the trembling of a seagull's long wings as it banks against the wind, a girl, a book, a ripe orange, a dog just starting for a walk—one or two or even three of such as these may occur in anyone's day and make it a festival. And if that well-worn phrase, the rhythm of life, is in danger of becoming a cliché, there is one man for whom it can never grow meaningless or stale. That man is the reviewer of books. Beautiful books come in troupes and choruses or not at all. Even if the publication of them remains fairly steady, which I doubt, they do not immediately present themselves, but seem to wait about for one another until they can time their arrival as a joyous, breathless band. This is made possible and even easy for them by the fact that their true character is seldom proclaimed by their external appearance. One doesn't even know of their existence; and then, the next moment, they are there, sitting opposite, installed, beaming with ecstatic intimacy, and with the look of an excited child who has successfully managed a surprise.

One of these little imps has been under my hand for days and even weeks, lying still as a mouse, waiting for an accomplice to join him in leaping out at me and making me jump. Here they are, the precious pair—*A Vernon Lee Anthology* and *Twentieth Century Poetry*—small books, cheap books, slim books, with nothing to catch the eye of a man dazed and blinded by the luxury editions of the Christmas season. Yet all the time they have been holding their power of charming and delighting me. If one is a reviewer, one does not expect to have much fun in January. It is a stern, empty, bare month, suited to long and painful examination of the healths of literature and self. Nor do anthologies, as a rule, send my blood coursing. I have a prejudice against anthologists. Either they include my favourite pieces, in which case I regard them as trippers and tourists tramping through my heart and posting bills there; or they omit them, and earn my fathomless contempt. . . . I have said enough, I hope, to show that it was not an absolutely foregone conclusion that I should praise an anthology in January.

Yet I ought to have spotted *The Vernon Lee Anthology* before I did. Of all the good writers ignored by the public and unknown even to certain intelligent and fairly cultured men and women, Vernon Lee is very nearly the best. Many judges, Mr. Desmond McCarthy as an example, would disdain qualification and declare her the absolute best. I can't quite do that. The fastidiousness, the exquisiteness, the leisureliness of this beautiful writer seem to come, and actually do come, from another age; and mixed with them is something very like a love of words for words' sake, and in this again there echoes a hint of preciousness no longer to my palate, my perhaps ruined modern palate. But I want to sing the praises of this fine writer, and not go hunting for flaws. For though one may argue as to her exact position, there is no argument that that position is a very high one. Let me give a taste of her quality by quoting a passage which not only shows her rare mastery of the language but is also in itself topical. Here is Vernon Lee on the man of the moment—Botticelli. This passage was written forty-three years ago, and I don't agree with a word of it. But just because of its energy, distinction, and grace it seems to me to be worth all the columns (put together) which have been devoted to Burlington House.

Oh, the woebegone Madonnas, lanky yet flaccid beneath their bunched-up draperies, all tied in the wrong places, nay, rather strangely ligatured with coloured tapes into strange puffs and strange waists; Madonnas drooping like overblown lilies, yet pinched like frost-bitten rosebuds, creatures neither old nor young, with hollow cheeks and baby lips, not consumed by the burning soul within like Perugino's hectic saints, but sallow, languid, life-weary with the fever which haunts the shallow lakes, the pasture-tracts of Southern Tuscany; seated with faces dreary, wistful, peevish, gentle, you know not which, before their bushes of dark-red roses, surrounded by their living hedges of seraph children with faces sweet yet cross like their own—faces too large, too small, which?—with massive jaws of obstinacy and vague eyes of dreaminess. Madonnas who half drop their babes in sudden sickening faintness; Christ children too captious and peevish even to cry; poor puzzled, half-pained, half-ravished angels; draperies clinging and flying about in all directions; arms twining, fingers twitching in inextricable knots; world of dissatisfied sentiment, of unpalatable sweetness, of vacant suggestion, of uncomfortable gracefulness, of ill-tempered graciousness, world of aborted beauty and aborted delightfulness, created, with infinite strain and discouragement, by the Florentine silversmith painter, hankering vainly after the perfect elegance and graciousness, the diaphanous sentiment of Umbria, and trying to turn the stiff necks and bend the stolid heads of the strong and ugly models of Filippino, Verrocchio, and Ghirlanpajo; to twine and knot the scarves and draperies on their thick-set bodies; to make solitary and contemplative passion burn in their matter-of-fact and humorous faces, as all such things could be only in the delicate, exquisite, morbid Umbrian boys and women of Perugino.

There! Surely you feel better after that. Surely anyone must feel a hundredfold better for seeing English moulded and slapped and squeezed and caressed like clay. It set me thinking of the claim made for Stevenson, that since the Elizabethans nobody had so handled the language; and I was about to make another claim, add another span from R.L.S. to Vernon Lee when I remembered just in time that when this quoted passage first appeared, *Catriona*, *The Master of Ballantrae*, *Island Night's Entertainments*, and *The Wrong Box* were yet unborn.

Although I imagined that I was fairly conversant with the work of our contemporary poets, *Twentieth Century Poetry* has shown me that I was underrating the volume of good verse produced during the last thirty years. This discovery is all the more striking because Mr. Monro has deliberately omitted some of the best known and most popular poems like "Innisfree," "Everyone Sang," "The Bull," etc. Without them he has collected over 200 poems, written by more than seventy poets; and he has included scarcely anything which one reader would willingly let die. The title of his anthology is interpreted literally, and in no narrow sense, which means that Hardy, John Davidson, as well as Mr. Yeats and the Poet Laureate, Messrs. Ezra Pound, James Joyce, and T. S. Eliot are represented; Mr. A. E. Housman no less than Mr. D. H. Lawrence, Professor Lascelles Abercrombie and the Sitwells side by side. So high is the general level that I am tempted to qualify my enthusiasm by remarking that some poets, like some painters, only show their true worth separately, in a one-man show, whereas others, those whose moods are limited and tend to monotony, are flattered by selection and by enforced contrast. Even so, good poems are good poems, and there are a surprising number of them just written and, no doubt, being written.

A collection like the one under discussion makes it clear that fashions in art are more important to the artist than to the public. The voice of the authentic poet sounds just as clearly through the most emancipated of verse as in the confines of a Tennysonian stanza. Among the moderns, the intellectual and æsthetic superiority of Mr. Eliot, Mr. Graves, and Mr. Lawrence (the list might be slightly lengthened), is as immediately apparent as was that of Mr. Yeats and Mr. Bridges among their contemporaries earlier in the century. But modern methods result in slight poems being slighter than ever. Poems like "Garden" and "Oread" (both of them the work of H. D., one of the poets I had in mind when I spoke about the advantages of enforced contrast and mixed settings to artists of limited mood) are little more than sighs or gestures, emotions which barely have the strength to struggle into speech or movement. Under the discipline of an earlier tradition, these poems would at least have had form. Lacking rhyme, they are almost non-existent.

There is another point which would never have struck me had not the merits of the anthology compelled me to study it with closeness and enthusiasm. Several times I found different poets selecting the same, or almost the same, theme, and a comparison of their efforts shows that even the best of them are often poor judges of their own capabilities. Here is an example of what I mean. John Davidson, Alice Meynell, and Charlotte Mew all wrote what might have been set poems to the theme of "Illustrate the barriers existing between Man and the other forms of Nature." Charlotte Mew called her poem "Moorland Night," and of all the poems written in my lifetime this is, I think, the loveliest. It is certainly my favourite. Alice Meynell called hers "To Any Poet," and I cannot praise it higher than by saying that it competes, seriously if not successfully, with Charlotte Mew's. John Davidson called his "Earth to Earth," and it shows that, fine poet as he was when the right theme met him, he was incapable of judging that moment. He was not a schoolboy writing verse on a subject chosen by the master. He was a man, who could choose from all the world a running stag and carve it in sound and make it live for ever. Extraordinary, that he couldn't recognise material that was all wrong for him, a mood not his. But is it extraordinary? If an anthology were made, grouping poems treating of one particular emotion, how many misfits would appear above distinguished names?

Reviewed this Week.

"*A VERNON LEE ANTHOLOGY.*" *Arranged by Irene C. Willis. (Bodley Head. 3s. 6d.)*
"*TWENTIETH-CENTURY POETRY.*" *Chosen by Harold Monro. (Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.)*

The SPHERE SURVEYS the WORLD

DELEGATES TO THE EIGHTH ALL-RUSSIAN CONGRESS OF TRADE UNIONS: This was held at the Trade Union Central House, Moscow. It was opened by Tomski, and Rykov and Stalin attended it. It would be difficult to find a conference so varied in its members says a Soviet writer, Generally when one enters a conference it is always possible to define unmistakably that it is a conference of trade unionists, this one of economic workers, that one of cultured workers, and another of young Communists. Some vague, intangible but similar features or signs create the physiognomy of the meeting, but here it is different. The 900 delegates who came to the Fourth Correspondents' Conference are peculiarly dissimilar from each other

THE VOICE OF THE COUNTRY: A venerable provincial delegate to the Conference of Proletariat Peasants in Moscow

On left—DELEGATES ARE ENTERTAINED AT KYOTO: Geishas dance after the dinner given by *The Osaka Mainichi-Shimbun*—a distinguished newspaper—to the delegates to the Conference of Pacific relations

THE GREATEST POISONING CASE OF THE CENTURY: The little village of Nagyrev in Hungary has attained an unpleasing notoriety by the number of murders which have been committed there during recent years. In this small township on the Theiss men have been dying in such a mysterious way that an inquiry was at last instituted. After months of investigation and the exhumation of many bodies, it became established that arsenic was present in forty-six bodies out of the fifty examined. The evidence pointed to women being the poisoners—women who wished to get rid of tiresome husbands, lovers, or other relatives. Thirty-nine were arrested of whom five committed suicide in prison to avoid earthly justice. Among them was the village midwife, Fazekas, who had been the instigator in nearly all the murders. The appearance of the women seen above, the first to be condemned in this greatest poisoning case of the century is particularly striking. Four of the prisoners are shown above

A LAND in RUI

A Fascinating Series of New Pictures of the Great and Hideous Deitie

A GOD OF THE MARQUESAS: A remarkable image found in a sacred place in the Houmi Valley. *In circle:* ADULTS OF THE MARQUESAS: Both suffer from elephantiasis

IN THE TAIPIVAI VALLEY: One of the *paepae* of Paeke, overgrown with *fau*. Two stone figures characteristic of this site are seen in the outer wall. *On right:* TYPE OF HER RACE: A Marquesan woman with the strongly marked features characteristic of her breed in later life

A PLACE OF HUMAN SACRIFICE: The great altar-stone wrought in the form of a grotesque and goggled human, at the great *Tohua* of Taaoa, on which the victims used to be placed

By a curious freak of fortune, the discovery of the myriad islands of Polynesia did not begin till more than half a century had elapsed after Magellan's epoch-making voyage across the Pacific in 1521. The great Portuguese navigator happened to cross on a northern parallel exceptionally free from island obstructions, and so it was that he did not sight land till he reached the southern end of the Ladrone Islands. The Marquesas Islands, the northern outliers of Central Polynesia, were the first to be found. This occurred during the second voyage of the Spanish Admiral, Alvaro de Mendaña, in 1595, when in search of the Solomon Islands, discovered on a previous expedition. The first island sighted was Fatuhiva, called by him Magdalena. The presence almost everywhere of ancient mango trees, their rotting fruit lying ungathered around, are mute witnesses of the days when these valleys were filled with a dense population—a population that has melted away to a mere handful under the corrosive action of white "civilisation" as administered by French officials. Clear of trees, and filled with the massed tribes of the valley divided into their respective sections of priests, chiefs, warriors, fishermen, and dancers, one great terraced slope must have presented a wonderful and inspiring scene. From almost the highest point glowered down upon the multitude a huge and hideously malevolent countenance carved in low relief upon the front of a gigantic flat-topped boulder of dark vesicular lava; this was the altar-stone whereon were laid the bodies of sacrificial victims slaughtered on a lower terrace. The eyes in this monstrous face are huge and rimmed about as though spectacled, while the tip of a great tongue protrudes slightly from between the lips of a mouth that stretches from ear to ear. In the new cemetery, high on a hillside, from amongst a crowd of humble graves, one memorial stands forth, a plain marble monument to that erratic genius, Paul Gauguin, who died in misery in the village below in 1903. Doubt exists whether this covers the spot where he lies. No mark was put up for years and no record of its position was kept, so when Paris awoke to the subtle power of his work and bethought her to remove the stigma of an unmarked grave, chances had to be taken as to its location. Abandoned terraced stone platforms (*paepaes*) on which Marquesan houses are built, are to be seen everywhere, often associated with aged mango trees and orange groves. In the valley of Houmi, peopled by a kindred tribe, the remains of ceremonial assembly places and of temple platforms are more numerous than in any of the other valleys—evidence of a very dense population in former days. Rank vegetation, principally the rambling all-pervading *fau*, with its tangle of low tough branches, covers everything, and will complete the ruin of these

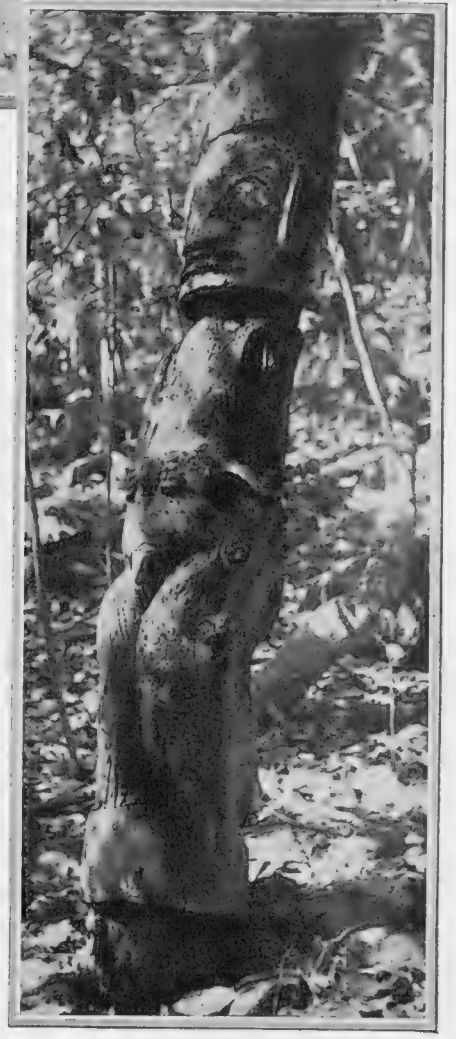
N: The Marquesas Islands.

ies Indigenous to Polynesia, with Notes by **James Hornell**

A PRIMITIVE GRINDSTONE: A grained boulder on which stone instruments were sharpened. *On left:* AN ORNAMENT AT THE PAEKE SITE: Note the coarse nature of the tuff

A DEITY WITH ELEPHANTIASIS: This dread disease is so prevalent in the Marquesas that it seems to have conditioned the sculpture in many places, the images and the decoration frequently being hideously out of proportion

THE MEMORIAL OF GAUGUIN: This stands, a plain marble monument, in the new cemetery on the hillside at Hiva-oa—a recent Parisian tribute to the painter's genius



NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM: An Atlantid house pillar found on the Marquesas

buildings within a few more years. Some of those in Taipi valley are notable for the presence of great blocks of a coarse reddish tuff, sculptured into uncouth human images interspersed as architectural ornaments in the stone facing of certain of these sacred platforms or *me'ae*. One particular sacred place was in many ways most interesting, for alongside the *me'ae*, sprouting grotesquely from among the great boulders forming a rough pavement, were four gaunt and mouldering wooden images. The largest had probably been one of the gods worshipped at this shrine. The old Government Residency is a bleak shell housing the subordinate official in charge, a well-read French gentleman, formerly a Catholic priest. Even the palace of Queen Vaikehu, the charming old lady whose gentle dignity captivated R. L. Stevenson and inspired him to paint a word picture of her that has conferred immortality on her name, is but a deserted *paepae*, a single tall house-post gauntly raising its height from one end. The modern type house adjoining, where she received Stevenson, has become a decrepit ruin, rotten with damp and threatening collapse any day—one more token of the blight that lies upon the islands, sapping the morale of men equally with its destruction of their memorials. Even the European can seldom withstand this blight. Witness Gauguin, that erratic soul who drugged and drank his life away in Atuona; witness the lesser men, settled in the islands, who after a few years' residence sink lower than the level of the natives, and while longing with a great longing to see La Belle France once more, are tied to their adopted land by the lethargy bred of island habits and the trammels of a dependent brown family. A sense of deep melancholy is seldom absent from those who reflect upon the signs around them. To sit among the crumbling platforms of the high places of the once populous valleys is to sit and commune with the ghosts of a race that is flickering to extinction before our eyes.

THE DAUGHER OF THE GERMAN GOVERNOR OF BELGIUM: *Fräulein Steffi von Bissing, a very popular Berlin actress*

OUR BESETTING SINS.

—Let us thank heaven that the charges brought against us by the die-hard Victorians are, in large measure, TRUE

by kate o'brien

Our elders, the people who remember the dear old Queen and the dear old Empire Prom, and whose foible it is to tell us very plainly now and then what they think of us, have made discoveries about us and come to conclusions which cause them an immense amount of anguish. They have noticed that we are selfish, vain, and affected; lazy, casual, egotistical, reckless, worldly-wise—oh, and much more besides. This discovery distresses them so much that they talk a very great deal about it. When they talk to you about it, dear reader, I imagine that you make polite noises of mild demur, pretty much the same noises that I make.

But when I am listening to the now familiar commination, my true response to it, that I never make out loud, is simply this: "You're dead right—thank Heaven!"

Because of course we are all these things—and a lot of other things as well.

I don't mean that any one of us is a complete and perfect example of such a long string of difficult attributes, or even of a half or a third of them; but I do mean that any one group of people could furnish from among its members a pretty flourishing specimen of each. Still more do I mean that a certain measure of selfishness, vanity, affectation, laziness, casualness, egotism, recklessness, and worldly wisdom is necessary to the make-up of charming and intelligent adults. And of course we start from the premises that we are all charming and intelligent. *Ergo*, we are all selfish, vain, and so on, *da capo*, as the music-books used to say.

Think what we'd be if we weren't. If we weren't selfish, for instance, who could endure to live with us, and what kick would there be in our occasional unselfishness?

If we weren't vain—well, without having learnt to bear the salutary wounds which life is forever dealing out to that particular frailty, what tough insensitives we'd grow into, and how astonishingly conceited we would be!

If we had no tiniest affectations, but insisted on fronting life day in, day out, our plain, unvarnished selves, ah, Heaven, how graceless and unimaginative that would be in us!

If we were never lazy there would be no pleasure in hard work, and no space in us for friendship, or love, or understanding, or a good joke, for all these thing grow best in hours of idleness.

If we had no good sound roots of egotism shooting down through us, we might as well give up all thought of ever trying to read or know our fellow-men; above all, we might as well give up all dreams of attempting the creative arts. And last of all, if we had no worldly-wisdom—well, can you picture what we'd be, with no shrewdness to turn on life, no wit to salt it, no patience with it, no scepticism.

Ah, no—look round among the friends you truly value and see if you don't agree with me that, like you, they are—in a measure—vain, selfish, affected, lazy, casual, and all the rest, and that it is not a little because they are all these things that you would not be without them.

Nothing—no person—is so completely, devastatingly *un*satisfactory as a copy-book, satisfactory one. To be modest is so often to be ineffectual. To be unselfish simply an excuse for making atrocious demands on others to be likewise. A demand automatically created, insisted upon, and usually, in the end, exploited. People who fail to be elementarily worldly-wise, impose on the rest of us the strain of looking after them, and so on through the whole list of negative "good" qualities.

Probably too you will notice that it is because your friends possess the last quality on my list, worldly-wisdom in its best sense, that they are able to keep all the others decently in place, and avoid that excess of any of them which would be ruinous to the whole.

Two negatives make an affirmative they say, and certainly a double dose of almost any quality negatives itself. So to be uncontrollably vain is publicly to humiliate oneself, which is the same thing as to have no vanity. To be ludicrously full of affectations is to expose oneself transparently for the fool one is—and so on.

Our besetting sins are certainly dreadful monsters when they run away with us, but so long as we hold the reins, let us, in the name of harmony and gaiety and grace, refuse to be unduly panic-stricken simply because we are what our delightful grandfathers were when they cheered the dear old Queen and strolled the dear old Empire Prom—vain, selfish, affected, lazy, casual, and all the rest—not least among them, worldly-wise.

the WORLD

..a complete weekly section a variety of interests

Just

FOR THE SAKE

by diana bourbon

IF WE WERE ONLY AS GOOD-LOOKING AS OUR DOGS:—The Circus at Olympia this year has confirmed me in an old (and depressing) conviction that as a majority we are infinitely worse-looking than our domestic, or other, animals. I think it must really be our ugly characters showing through . . . artificial urban life can't be enough to account for it, for I don't suppose the life of a performing elephant is vastly healthy (in the natural, jungle sense). And besides, rustic populations are usually even less attractive physically (and certainly with their gnarled rheumatism, premature old age and kindred afflictions, no more healthy) than urban ones.

But while one meets dozens of really *deplorable* human characters in a week, and thousands of unprepossessing faces—how often does one come up against an animal that is really "not nice to know"? Temper is their commonest fault—the most venial of all character-flaws—and that's usually due to mishandling in youth.

I can think of one ugly cat among my acquaintances, and its character does not belie its countenance. And once in a field I met a really physically ugly horse, that was still young and healthy . . . But try to think of some yourself—and then enumerate the *really* lovely-to-look-upon human beings you count among your friends—and see if I'm not right!

THE "HUNG" BEAUTIES.—The private view of the Italian Exhibition at Grosvenor House was another revelation. Not only have the animals got the best of us, but we have apparently been getting steadily worse the past few centuries. There are hundreds of beautiful women hanging against the raspberry red walls that offer such a bad background to the tenderest of all schools of painting, but I didn't see one among the "brilliant assembly" that had come to admire or criticise. Perhaps I was unlucky.

WINGED VICTORY: *Colonel Lindbergh, the idol of America and the hero of two worlds, with Mrs. Lindbergh, who, before her marriage, was Miss Anne Morrow*

THESE WAR MEMORIALS AGAIN.—Someone was talking to me the other day about a collection for an equestrian statue of Marshal Foch to be erected in Grosvenor Gardens. (To offset the coming statue of Earl Haig on his controversial horse in Whitehall?)

When *is* the craze for erecting War memorials going to stop? Already London is littered with bad statuary and the country broken out with a rash of village memorials.

Haig and Foch may both be great men, but if they are, great men live

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK: *Shannon Jackson, the son of Joseph Jackson, a distinguished film writer, and Mrs. Jackson (Ethel Shannon), the distinguished film actress*

better in the pages of history than in a mess of stone or bronze that satisfies not even their contemporaries. And small men—the insignificant and infinitely dear individuals—only and best in the memories of those who loved them. To me there is something almost indecent about our ostentatious rush of competitive, sectional memorials. Artillery memorials, Air Force memorials, regimental memorials, Little Puddlescomb memorials. Those to whom they are erected were content to stand in united anonymity when they faced the pain, and filth, and mutilation, and steady crescendo of suffering that constitute a modern war. We, who know nothing of all that, have divided them up again in death. Made "exclusive" little coteries of them, as if the one great symbol in Whitehall were not enough.

Every additional memorial deprives the Cenotaph, or so it seems to me, of another small measure of its significance. And us, for our lack of restraint, of another shred of dignity.

THE KIND *THEY* WOULD HAVE LIKED.—Stop to think what could have been done for those who

# of WOMEN

[edited by diana bourbon]

incorporating

for women readers..

remained, with the money lavished on these conceits in stone. The slums (out of which so many of them came) that could have been cleared; the model dwellings (whole model settlements) that could have been built; the hospitals endowed; the workshops erected . . . Can there be any question which kind of "memorial" those who died would have preferred?

For heaven's sake let's stop it! And get back to realities. The other day in the Park I was talking to a down-and-out. A trained workman with a good face. *He* went through the War, but had the misfortune to come out of it alive . . . And Marshal Foch's statue is going to do him an awful lot of good, isn't it?

You can call our generation "hard" if you like. All it means is that we loathe the untidiness of ineffectual sentiment!

OF A HARDY RACE: *A small Englishman snapped in the Park recently, clad in the most exiguous of garments on a day surprisingly warm for the depth of winter*

THE ETERNAL FAIRY TALE.—The Italo-Belgian wedding revelled—as all Royal marriages should—in a fairy tale atmosphere to eclipse any Drury Lane pantomime. The usual romantic tales have been spun round the Royal pair—and absorbed, in England at any rate, with an unusual degree of interest. The War years spent in their midst brought Marie-José very near to the hearts of the English people. She is almost one of our own.

Meanwhile we remain as far as ever from any appearance of an intention to emulate the Roman event. . . . Though I know of at least one European princess who is singularly determined that it shall be in appearance only! She has lately been taking elecution lessons (for public speaking), deportment lessons, bazaar-opening and kindred function lessons, lessons in receiving foreign diplomats, lessons in everything imaginable . . . all in a faint but persistent hope of becoming one particular queen. Let's not specify further. One may smile at the determination but one can't help admiring the spirit. A few more of us might take our chosen, if only potential, jobs as seriously with advantage to a good many others as well as ourselves!

of ARGUMENT

— a caustic causerie *on the affairs, large and small, of the great world*

SKIRTS AND MORALS.—All this flood of guff on the subject of the return to long skirts! Just because one fashion (the short one) has grown uglier and uglier till at last—praise be to Allah!—we have run to the opposite extreme for a change, that change must be made to have some inner significance. Women are tired of being "emancipated"—because they have staged a return to interesting evening dresses! Flapdoodle.

Anyway the genesis of the knee-length skirt is shorter than most of us remember. I was horror-struck, looking over some photographs of 1918–19—proverbially emancipated years—to discover myself in "short" dresses coming to just above the ankle!

I think that if the Brigade Major's wife had really turned up (in 1917) wearing such an abbreviated frock as one of Miss Madeleine Carroll's in the other night's revival of *French Leave*—the General would have put her under arrest at once instead of waiting till the third act!

UNDERDONE AND OVERDONE ACTING.—Incidentally one error in the production rather amused me. Some of the officers were wearing ribbons of medals not actually awarded until after the War!

However *French Leave*—very much the lighter side of the *Journey's End* picture—is not meant to be taken seriously. And probably lots of people will relish Mr. Charles Laughton's caricature of the General. I myself am not one of this actor's many and fervid admirers—but one sees so little acting of any kind nowadays that I suppose it is excusable for some of us to confuse it with *over*-acting.

OF A PRESIDENTIAL FAMILY: *Mr. John Coolidge with his bride, formerly Miss Florence Trumball, glimpsed after a spell of wood-cutting during their holiday in Maine*

THE DAUGHTER OF THE "GERMAN SPEARHEAD": *Fräulein von Kluck, a famous "vamp" on the Berlin stage*

WOMEN *don't* ENJOY LIFE.

— they are so dramatic that life for them is a succession of scenes with themselves in the centre of the stage

by godfrey winn

All women protest too much.

"Oh, what fun life is!" they exclaim, clapping their hands, tilting their chins, closing their eyes, but if you peer closely you will discover a certain defiance in their attitude, as though they were expecting contradiction.

Moreover, if it is not forthcoming they are disappointed. They have been cheated of a scene, and life for them consists of a number of linked scenes with a backcloth of faces and events blurred out of all recognition. And each woman imagines that she stands alone in the centre of the stage pleading, denouncing, gyrating madly to the hackneyed music of "On with the dance"!

But the dance itself lacks spontaneous gaiety. In fact it only continues because woman is terrified to pause, to collect her thoughts, to allow reality to quench the full glamour of the footlights. There is never absent from her consciousness the dread of being considered ordinary. An ordinary person leading an ordinary existence. You may accuse a woman of being false, cruel, or immoral, and she will laugh and ask you to lunch, but tell her that you admire her life because it is so serene and peaceful, and she will never speak to you again. For that calm state which all men strive to attain she dismisses contemptuously as being buried alive.

Therefore she is never at rest because she suspects all kinds of peace instinctively. To her, quietude is not only an undesirable, but also an *unnatural* condition. Something must be wrong, and in her restless efforts to discover what it is she will destroy for ever her own peace of mind.

How difficult it is to make a woman relax for an hour! They have to weary themselves into a state of nervous exhaustion before they will consent to spend a day in bed. And even while they lie, with the curtains drawn and the outside world temporarily banished, their minds are filled with a thousand conflicting thoughts—Would nurse remember to wash Reggy's hair—Was John really going to divorce Eileen—It was very awkward about the Pattersons coming to dine on Tuesday because they didn't play contract. . . .

Man has the ability to blot past events from his mind and start each day with a fresh supply of optimism. When he forgives, he also forgets. But when a woman forgives she is only playing one more scene, a special kind of scene to the accompaniment of soft music. She forgets nothing.

When she buries the hatchet it is an entirely temporary measure—usually in view of some moving scene of reconciliation to play, or other temporary advantage to gain. And I have yet to meet a woman who is entirely above leaving a headstone on the grave, so that (if need be . . . and the supply of scenes is running short) she can always dig it up again!

I remember a woman once telling me bitterly that the reason why she finally left her husband was not because of his unfaithfulness, or his lack of business acumen, but simply because after some particularly shattering *débâcle* he went to bed and slept soundly till morning. "And I lay awake *torturing* myself," she concluded, "while he *snored*."

Yet she must have been accustomed to his snoring. What she could not forgive was his attitude of calm surrender, his philosophy that tomorrow never comes. A woman judges success and happiness in life entirely by externals; in terms of houses and motor-cars and fur coats, or even the look of envy in a neighbour's face. There is something tangible, something to quote and boast about, something that all the world can see.

And yet, paradoxically, she never enjoys her own parties. A man orders so much food and drinks, and becomes his own guest. But a woman is in agony till the last person has departed, and no amount of assurance to the contrary will convince her that it wasn't a failure. Which is very strange, for one would expect that being domestic by nature she would be a superb hostess.

By not being she certainly misses a lot of fun . , . And adds nothing to other people's. You can't chaperon a party into being a success, or guests into enjoying themselves or digesting *paté de foie gras*.

No. Woman is not a good hostess. I have found from bitter experience that she is not.

So much so that now whenever I am asked to lunch at a woman's club I try to drop in at my own first and have a sandwich and a glass of sherry. And I can assure you it is a precaution for which I am inevitably thankful.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN SECTION—cont.

WRITTEN *in* MALICE

—the famous farce of the fashionable wedding

by mordaunt savage

When Miss Helen Wills decided to be married without the tawdry paraphernalia of a fashionable wedding she made a characteristic decision. For Miss Wills is not only a simple girl, but charmingly sane in views of life.

One evening last summer I found myself sitting next to her at a London party. We talked of art—"of course I'm not really anything of an artist"—and of her home at Berkeley in California; whereupon I asked, "Will you play tennis just as energetically after your marriage?"

HALOES OF GLASS: *The bridesmaids at the marriage of Miss Olwen Harmon-Morgan to Mr. Ian Howell at Holy Trinity, Brompton*

Miss Wills was not at all coy about the subject. "I think so," she replied, "I can't tell. But in any case, I am going to start my marriage off as differently as I can. Don't you hate these weddings where everyone comes to stare at you?"

Few people stared at Miss Wills when she was married just before the New Year to Mr. Frederick Moody. In the first place they had little chance to stare; secondly, there was nothing to stare at. No confetti, no pink-faced train-bearers, no pompous ushers; just the culmination of a four years' romance in the secrecy which romance deserves but seldom receives.

Yet every year there are thousands of less famous young women who seem to think it necessary to be wedded in circumstances more suitable to a pantomime or a Lord Mayor's Show than to the sacred ceremony of marriage.

The vulgarity of the modern fashionable wedding astounds the average man, even when he happens to be the bridegroom. He feels—if his heart is really in the right place—that the seal upon his decision to spend the rest of his life with the girl he loves should be set in circumstances of privacy.

Yet the fashionable wedding as staged in any one of the dozen expensive churches of London aims at the greatest possible amount of publicity.

At one famous wedding church there is a scale of fees relating even to the colour of the carpets to be used under the canopy on the pavement. The whole process conduces to snobbery in its most virulent form.

I do not mean that the ceremony itself is anything but impressive in its moral directness; but surely the time has arrived when the terrible significance of marriage should cease to be confused by a lot of tawdry medieval pageantry, which was all very well in an age which did not condone divorce, but is apt to-day to make the participants feel just a little foolish when the stage becomes occupied by the anti-climax of the Divorce Court.

Anyone who has talked with married couples after the distressing ordeal of a fashionable wedding cannot fail to be depressed by the worldly thoughts which such a ceremony entails. "Was there enough champagne?" or "Why ever did we have that snivelling little nephew of yours for a train-bearer? He nearly spoilt the whole show," or "There were simply crowds of important people at the reception."

It makes marriage like a circus.

There is, of course, the question of the presents. Yet although the receiving of presents from all and sundry is undoubtedly a great asset to a young married couple, it seems to me that the reception of such gifts would be equally acceptable after the security of their home was assured permanency.

THE USUAL "SECRECY": *The bride and groom—Miss Anita Elson and Mr. Nicholas Prinsep—after their register office wedding the other day*

Which leads to another thought: instead of launching the ship to wedlock with ostentation, would it not be more practical, and moral, to celebrate the actual *accomplishment* of a happily married state?

Why not have the tinsel, the confetti, and all the tawdry spectacularity three years after the formal wedding, which should be gone through with the simple reverence of an ordinary church service?

Miss Helen Wills was married in a tailored suit and in perfect simplicity, but in this country woman—in her desire to see and be seen—seldom achieves any compromise between the registrar's office and the "red-carpet-and-confetti" wedding.

Yet it is all so easy, as I should like to point out to these actresses whose chief preparation for a secret wedding is to ring up all the news editors of London. A trip to Doctors' Commons with £2 in your pocket results in a church licence which can be acted upon the same day that it is granted.

I was in Exeter when Mr. Eden Phillpotts was married in St. Leonard's Church the other day with a complete lack of ostentation; if he had been in the hands of his theatrical managers nothing would have been easier than to make his marriage to Miss Robina Webb a first-rate stunt.

And even movie stars sometimes are married both in church and in becoming quietness. Miss Florence Vidor was wedded to Jascha Heifetz so secretly that none of her friends knew of the ceremony; she told me that she disliked play-acting when she was in earnest. And last month it was discovered that similar circumstances of modesty had surrounded Lord Cheylesmore's marriage to Miss Sundberg.

One of the pleasantest cases of a modest marriage in social circles was when Sir Ronald Waterhouse, Mr. Baldwin's private secretary, married Miss Chard, the private secretary of Mrs. Baldwin; they got married first and told their friends afterwards.

How pleasant it is to chronicle such people who refuse to use the church as a social lever!

Her family had long planned a big church wedding for pretty Lady Pansy Pakenham. Last year she fell in love with Mr. Henry Lamb, the artist. They were married quietly in London, little was written about the affair, and they say—even to-day—that they intend to live happily ever after.

There is scarcely a married woman of intellectual importance to-day who courted the spurious social prestige which a stage-managed wedding bestows; it is a hopeful sign. The toast is Miss Helen Wills!

IN THE FRENCH FASHION: *A recent Society wedding in France. The Catholic tradition of pageantry is sustained on the solemnisation of matrimony—even to a procession outside the church*

ONE OF LIFE'S SURPRISES

—a desk in which there is more than meets the eye

Life is full of surprises. The unexpected is constantly occurring, and even our oldest friends sometimes reveal unsuspected traits, or aspects of character that were not apparent on first acquaintance.

This little desk is no exception to the rule. Staid, sober, practical, and serious it looks. Closed, it offers an extensive upper surface, excellent for business, or for the display of some simple ornament when not in actual use. In the centre, when the flap is raised, is a smaller, intimate writing surface, with blotting paper, inkwell, and stationery rack. All truly admirable, eminently serviceable. And yet this desk, demurely disingenuous, offers a surprise. Beneath its plain exterior it conceals an unsuspected element of conviviality. Who would have thought that in its less responsible moments this most staid and respectable article of furniture could be such a gay old dog!

THE SECRET REVEALED: *Beneath a staid and business-like desk the genial things of life may be pleasantly and discretely concealed*

Yes, a glance at the picture and the whole secret is out. The surprise of our life has happened. For those important-looking cupboards are not for sober documents and unstimulating business papers after all. On the left the deep cupboard is for bottles and syphons, and on the right are two compartments, one at the top for glasses and one beneath, opened by means of a let-down flap, for cigars and cigarettes.

To crown all, the lids and doors of these compartments make, when opened, excellent surfaces from which to serve drinks and offer smokes to your friends.

The desk looks as though it means business, and in one sense it certainly does. Appropriately enough, it is known as a Saywen.

Your friends will appreciate its amiable disguise, and, though it may be doubted whether its unquenchable cheeriness will help you forward greatly with your work or the austere pursuit of business, there are many occasions, even in an office, when the geniality created by conviviality has successfully concluded a deal which was wavering in the balance.

At such times, or when, the deal concluded, a gesture of celebration is called for, the business of sending out for the necessaries destroys the atmosphere. Whereas with a Saywen on the premises one has at one's instant command what one wants.

B. B.

GRACE ONCE MORE COMES INTO ITS OWN

The Charm of the 1930 Evening Gown

THE VOGUE OF LACE: *A distinguished gown in navy-blue shadow lace over a bouffant silk net slip. The sun-tan back is another feature of the creation*

Baroque

IN THE BASQUE STYLE: *A very charming frock under the influence of the Pyrenean scheme of decoration*

"PEARLS MEAN TEARS"—OF JOY! *A creation in black chiffon velvet with an embroidered pearl neck which makes a delightful contrast to the Victorian fan patterned with pink butterflies*

On left: THE CIRCULAR SKIRT: *This notable gown is executed in wood-green transparent velvet. A narrow belt marks the natural waist-line, whence falls the trained circular skirt. The bodice is embroidered in beads*

We shall have to learn how to walk, move, sit down, "'n' everything" all over again if we are to live up to these newly gracious great lady gowns of 1930. The free, swinging stride and angular pose that went with the embroidered chemises we have been calling frocks the past few seasons are definitely out of the picture. And as half the fun of the new dresses lies in acting up to the character they prescribe, women will almost have to go to deportment classes again . . . like actresses in costume plays

THE WORLD OF WOMEN SECTION—cont.

ELIMINATION WORKS WONDERS: *A spacious and effective hall whose aristocracy of atmosphere has been achieved by a ruthless pruning of all inessentials and discords*

MELLOWING THE *Modern* HOME.

—ruthlessness is a first requisite for "modernity"

by ann drew

The creation—or more likely, the gradual assembling—of a distinguished home, perfect in decoration, furnishing, ornament, comfortable, exuding that warm atmosphere of welcome that should characterise every *real* home—is much like the assembling of a fine collection. It can only be achieved by absolute ruthlessness and by elimination.

I am frequently astonished when I go into the dowdy, undistinguished, uninteresting (even out-at-heel) houses of otherwise quite intelligent and artistic people. Homes they did not so much collect as throw around themselves years before (perhaps when neither their purses nor their perceptions were fully developed), *and that they have not looked at since!*

That is the real explanation. So many people don't look at their everyday surroundings. Look at them? Why they don't even *see* them. No longer see anything they are thoroughly used to. And so they go on and on with quite dead surroundings instead of achieving something vitally lovely.

Absolute ruthlessness and elimination . . .

First ruthlessness about acquisitions. Many—most—of us have to start out with a more or less motley collection that must gradually be fined down. As we progress this nucleus gets added to piece by piece. Let every piece be *severely* chosen; and if it isn't exactly what you want—don't have it!

Presents are a fruitful source of embarrassment. Again—if they aren't what you want, don't have them. Write your cordial letter of thanks, and put them away in the spare bedroom or the attic. And if the donors, coming to call, wonder what has become of them, *let* them wonder.

Elimination . . . though, is usually the worst snag. The great majority of householders appear to be actually *incapable* of throwing away, giving away, or even selling any object that could conceivably give any more service of any kind. They cling to their earliest, least decorative least significant household gods with a tenacity before which the tenacity of the limpet pales into insignificance! Largely a question of sentiment, you will say? That is what they like to think. But it's thin sentiment. If they move into a house where the offending pieces don't really fit, these will be sacrificed without a pang. It's only elimination on æsthetic grounds they grudge so bitterly!

And obviously something has got to be sacrificed, as any collection grows and improves. Done piecemeal, it leaves no gaping wounds in the actual fabric of the home. Replaced piecemeal, each room has a chance to accept and digest the new acquisition without upheaval. For few things are harder to stand than a complete furnishing revolution. An entirely newly-furnished room takes *months* to mellow into any sort of livableness. And somehow the strangeness and angularity and uncomfortableness are only emphasised when the room is an old friend in new clothes . . . instead of an entirely fresh acquaintance in an entirely fresh house.

CONTINENTAL MODERNITY: *The bare but decorated wall is typical of the newest theories in decorating. The peril of this style is Robotry*

Done with taste, a little knowledge of the rules, and some sense of unity (in the progression from piece to piece), the gradual building-up of a lovely interior can be not only an absorbing hobby, but a whole expression of character development.

In the homes of those men and women who have the sense of decoration fully developed—who love to *play* with rooms, and furniture, and colour schemes—and make their interiors living, changing entities like themselves—one can read whole chapters of individual history.

One reads history in people's houses in any case, of course . . . and where the home is in a state of stagnation, it is usually safe to assume that the owners are stagnant too.

A SPY . . .

by a country cousin

The other day at a smart luncheon party I took part in a fierce argument as to who owned the worst decorated room in London! Here is a short description of the room, which we all agreed, after much argument, gained the first prize.

This room belongs to a lady who has too much money and an overwhelming desire to be artistic. In fact she is an awful example to us all! "I want my drawing-room to be homelike" she once said to me, "but I *love* Art too!" So the drawing-room has armchairs and sofas covered in a flowered cretonne, and an oak-beamed ceiling painted gold. The room also contains a red-brick Tudor fire-place, above which eighteenth century panels have been set in the wall; a Louis XVI writing-table and several pieces of old English oak. It is lit by a very modern glass chandelier and has Oriental rugs strewn about on the parquet floor. Who'd have thought so many styles and periods could be muddled together?

PLEATED CEILINGS.—I am tired of most attempts at decorating the ceiling. Silver and gold ceilings have become so monotonously popular that I was interested in the way Doris Langley Moore, the clever author of *The Technique of the Love Affair*, has treated those in the two bedrooms of her London home. Both ceilings have been covered with pleated chintz. The one in her own bedroom is particularly attractive. Here the ceiling has been covered with turquoise-blue glazed chintz made in flat pleats and edged all the way round with a line of narrow wool fringe in white. The effect of this ceiling is extremely restful and distinctly original too.

A NEW USE FOR FIRE-PLACES.—In these days of electric-fires and central heating, many of my friends often wonder what to do with their empty fire-places. That well-known raconteur and wit, Harry Melvill, has filled the fire-place in his bedroom with white opaque glass. A draped design in silver and gold has been painted on the glass, and is lit up from behind. Incidentally, the heating also comes from behind this glass screen.

BUILT-IN FURNITURE: *The boudoir of the Princesse Faucigny-Lucinge's flat on the Ile St. Louis. The walls are painted yellow*

I saw another unusual method of heating in a newly-built modern house the other day. In this house the architect had done away with radiators altogether—they are very ugly things at their best—and the rooms were heated by small silver-plated grills let into the walls in inconspicuous places. The heating pipes themselves were built right into the walls behind the grills.

ORIGINAL ARMCHAIRS.—Who said that the Bright Young People were dead? Mrs. Denis Pelly (formerly Miss Elizabeth Ponsonby, and leader of the gang) still keeps the flag of originality flying.

In her new flat Mrs. Pelly has some entertaining modern chairs designed by a clever young decorator, J. Duncan Miller, made in the form of semi-circles. These chairs are made low on the ground and have ample room for this long-limbed generation, and they are marvellously comfortable. As a young debutante friend of mine

THE ROMA... EN...

—an histor...

by bernard hughes

All old cradles are transfigured by the glamour of romance, recalling as they do their intimacy with the deepest experiences of life, their memories of ancestral homes, and the life story of their past inmates. All the pent-up love of mothers' hearts for ages past, all patience, endurance, and devotion, all the poetry of race are associated with cradles.

It is a long step from the first primitive cradles scooped from logs, needing no rockers because of the natural formation of the tree trunk, to the painted hanging cribs, bright with easily adjusted curtains, which ornament interiors to-day.

During the Anglo-Norman period in England cradles were not in general use, although wealthy persons possessed them. In contemporary MSS. they are shown as square boxes on detachable rockers, protected at the sides to prevent bedclothes and baby from falling out. Peasant mothers were often at a loss for a place of safety in which to place their children, for a law of the period laid down "that if a woman place her infant by the hearth, and the man put water in the cauldron and it boil over, and the child be scalded to death, the woman must do penance for her negligence, but the man is acquitted of blame."

English cradles of the fifteenth century were simply boxes swung on trestle supports. The sides were grooved all over, something like linen-fold panelling without the shaped ends. It was suspended at each end by a post, usually surmounted by a carved representation of a dove with wide-open eyes and folded wings. The bottom was formed by interlacing cords on which the mattress was laid.

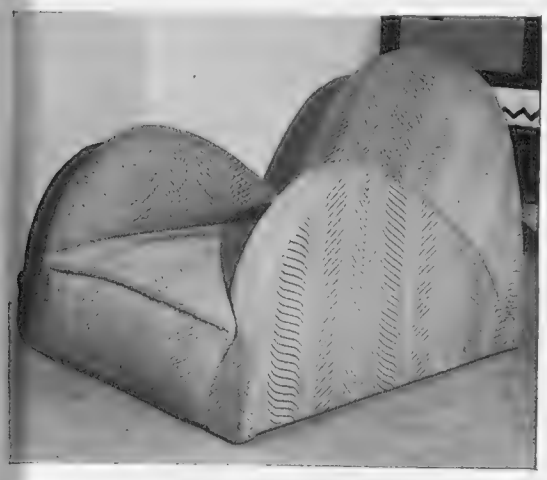
Queen Elizabeth's cradle, which still exists, was probably in use almost for half a century before she was born in 1533. It is of oak with raised carved panels, with the head and foot shaped at the top, with a slot at the extremity for the insertion of a curtain-pole. Another famous cradle of romantic interest, still in existence, belonged to James I. It is of oak and has fancy-shaped rockers fixed to the under-side of the "box," turned rocking-posts at the four corners, and is inlaid with holly and boxwood. The hand that rocked this cradle was that of Mary Queen of Scots. It dates to 1566, the year in which the ill-fated Rizzio was murdered. Cradles of the nobility of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were usually finely decorated by the wood-carver and

IN MAYFAIR.

—in the houses of the great

remarked gaily on seeing them, "It's about time we brightened up home-life!" So let's have more furniture of this type.

BUILT - IN FURNITURE.—I am all in favour of built-in furniture. For small rooms it is space-saving, cheap, and has that touch of smartness we all want our homes to have. The attractive Princesse Jean de Faucigny-Lucinge (formerly Baba d'Erlanger) has a delightful boudoir in her flat on the Ile St. Louis in Paris entirely decorated in this style. The walls are painted yellow, and the plain wooden



A "BRIGHT YOUNG ARMCHAIR": *One of the armchairs in Mrs. Dennis Pelly's sitting-room, designed by Mr. J. Duncan Miller*

built-in chest of drawers and dressing-table are painted white. This makes an unusually pretty colour scheme.

A friend of mine also has an interesting example of built-in furniture in her sitting-room. This is a combination bookcase and writing-table made in ordinary deal painted black. This bookcase towers right up to the ceiling, rather like an American sky-scraper, and apart from shelves for books, it also has a specially made shelf for the telephone and a cupboard for gramophone records. Altogether it is a most convenient piece of furniture and it takes up little space.

NEW IDEAS IN LIGHTING.—Most of us are interested in new ways of lighting, and I find modern lighting so ingenious and attractive. One of the most delightful of the new methods of lighting is the combination of flowers and lighting. Recently I saw some modern wall brackets made of pieces of silvered mirror-glass, which have small glass holders fixed in them for flowers. The effect of the reflected light and flowers on the wall is singularly attractive and offers a change from the usual ideas of floral decoration.

SHALL WE LIVE IN GLASS ROOMS?—Talking to a well-known young decorator the other day, I was told that few of us in England realise how much glass is being used in interior decoration on the Continent. A recent exhibition at Stuttgart showed a whole series of rooms made entirely of thick opaque glass, and I am told that the effect of the rooms was very restful and attractive.

And now I am informed that an enterprising young Englishman is going to build himself a summer bungalow on the South Coast made entirely of the new Vita-glass! Glass rooms are not at all cold as might be imagined. On the contrary, Vita-glass attracts the sunshine and heat—a fact that ought to be appreciated in this chilly climate of ours. The disadvantage of all-glass rooms is that they give you no privacy. Still, the young man in question is solving this difficulty by curtaining the rooms with a thin semi-transparent material. However, I can foresee that he will be pestered by eager sightseers.

A friend of mine, who commissioned Le Corbusier to build him a very modern house just outside Paris, has refused to give his address to anyone except his intimate friends, and will allow no photographs to be reproduced, because his life was made a misery by American tourists and foreigners wanting to see over the house!

TIC OLD LISH CRADLE

ote on early english furniture

painted and gilded. The hood, designed to protect the child's head from draught, first appeared during the second half of the sixteenth century. The early hoods were not enclosed at the top until the middle of the seventeenth century. Then it was generally hinged to fold back in order to facilitate putting in and taking out the child.

The typical Jacobean cradle had a top to its hood, which had balustered sides to enable the mother to peep in at her sleeping child. This simple style of cradle was in use for over two centuries by the cottagers of rural England. Those made during the Puritan regime may be recognised by their stern simplicity of design.

From the sixteenth to the eighteenth century the cradle played a far more important part than it does to-day, and congratulatory visits on the birth of a child were important Society functions. The mother's bedroom was specially decorated for the occasion and the cradle covered with an elaborately worked quilt.

Many cradles used in rural homes were plaited of lime and willow twigs. Indeed wicker cradles eventually came to have a great vogue, even among the aristocracy. The novel material was at once seized upon as a great convenience, as it was so light as to make the cradles readily portable, and after an illness a cradle could be destroyed without great monetary loss. Few of these cradles have survived because of their perishable nature.

Cradles made by Chippendale were in mahogany, constructed on the same lines as the seventeenth-century cradles with rockers, but the hood was daintily curved. They were also made after the style of a cot on four legs inserted in rockers.

The fashion of hanging cribs between carved posts began early in the Georgian period, but was made fashionable by Hepplewhite. Carved posts were about 4 ft. high terminating in spreading, turned, or reeded feet with a rail uniting them to support the cradle, which was swung between the two posts, the bottom of the cradle being about 2 ft. above the ground. The framework and hood were of wood filled in with cane-work. During the third quarter of the eighteenth century this type of cradle tended entirely to supersede the earlier form. The hood was replaced by a draped curtain hanging from a carved and shaped upright.

REDOLENT OF VICTORIANISM: *A drawing-room furnished in the style of '54. Note the heavy rosewood furniture, over-patterned wallpaper, wax flowers, and whatnot*

AREN'T *we* MODERNS FORTUNATE!

—when you think of old victorian days

by baseden butt

Modern furniture is the natural expression of the present-day outlook upon life, and as our ideas and the spirit of the times are constantly changing, so also fashions in furnishing and interior decoration are bound to show constant modification and development.

How greatly life has changed in the past fifty or sixty years is strikingly illustrated by the accompanying pictures which are both from recent exhibitions staged to illustrate bygone and present-day modes in furnishing.

The typical Victorian drawing-room seems nowadays far too stuffy. The carved rosewood furniture appears

LUCKY MODERNITY: *Dignified simplicity evidenced in figured timber furniture, spaciousness of the atmosphere—and by the modern frock*

gross and heavy; the antimacassars are ugly, and the manner in which the window is hung with lace curtains shows a complete absence of the decorative sense. The whatnot in a corner of the room and the wax flowers beneath a glass case standing on the chiffonier are also objects one would scarcely find in the modern home, unless, indeed, you are one of those who have begun to collect Victorian "antiques."

How different is the room of to-day—different in decoration, furnishing, and in the appearance of its occupant. The dress of the woman of 1930 is simpler and far more sensible than that worn by her great-grandmother in 1854, and this surely is due to a difference in ideals. The costume of to-day suggests a life of healthy activity, independence, and a love of fresh air and exercise. Even the most die-hard detractor of the modern woman cannot prefer the "cribbed, cabined and confined" garb of the Victorians on the grounds of hygiene, however perverse his theory of æsthetics.

And the modern home shows greater refinement. Notice the unobtrusive dignity of the damask window curtains and the elegantly shaped and fitted pelmet. What could be more charming than this simple modern furniture? In this interior the desk is of finely-figured walnut, but whether modern furniture be constructed of oak, walnut, or mahogany, or of the lesser-known more exotic timbers such as amboyna, macassar ebony, or laurel wood, it is almost always characterised by handsome figures in the grain of the wood, beautiful proportions, and reticent decoration.

Modern wall treatments, too, are really wonderful. In our illustration the old-fashioned ceiling mouldings have been superseded by what is known technically as a coved ceiling. The walls and ceiling merge into one another in a single unbroken curve, and this gives an effect of greater loftiness and spaciousness to the room. A semi-matt oil paint has been used for both walls and ceiling, and has afterwards been scumbled over with transparent glaze in delicate harmonising tones.

There are many beautiful textured paints and materials which have the interesting, uneven surface of plaster, but which may be painted over with oil paint and transparent glazes, so that wonderful effects of graduated colour are obtained. The painted wall makes an ideal reflecting surface for modern electric lighting, which, at its best, has far more genuine poetry and æsthetic charm than any other form of artificial illumination yet devised.

In fact our present ideas of good furnishing are so excellent that one sometimes wishes that the ever-changing stream of fashion could be arrested, and that to-day's vogue might never become out of date. But constant change is inevitable, since furnishing is a reflection of life and thought, and these cannot possibly exist without ceaseless activity. None the less we have reached a period when the fashion in furnishing is exceedingly beautiful, and perhaps we may be excused if we congratulate ourselves on its complete and fundamental difference from the typical home of the Victorian epoch.

A GLIMPSE of the GREASE PAINT WORLD.

Notable Productions under the Camera's Eye

Drawn by Tom Titt

THE PICK OF THE THEATRICAL CHRISTMAS TREE: The Private Secretary at the Criterion (Mr. Charles R. Walenn), and Charley's Aunt at Daly's (Mr. Richard Cooper), regard the Sleeping Beauty at Drury Lane (Miss Eve Gray), guarded by her Prince (Miss Lilian Davies) against the onslaught of Captain Hook at the St. James's (Sir Gerald du Maurier) and Long John Silver at the Strand (Mr. Robert Loraine), reinforced by the three comedians from "Puss in Boots" at the Lyceum (Messrs. G. Jackley, Naughton, and Gold)

"TRYING TO POISON ME, EH?" Mr. Henry Oscar discovers that his wife (Miss Marie Ney) is trying to poison him as she is in love with another man, but she is merely dramatising her emotions, and is desirous only of acting the scene and not committing the crime in reality. A tense moment from Mr. Frank Vosper's banned play, "People Like Us," which was so successfully played at the Arts Theatre Club

"YOU'LL FIND ME JUST AS INTERESTING AS YOUR LOVER": Mr. Oscar discusses his wife's (Miss Ney) curious psychology in "People Like Us"

THE PRINCIPAL BOY AT THE LYCEUM: Miss Gwladys Stanley as Jack in "Puss in Boots"—one of the most vigorous and deservedly popular figures of pantomime this year. The cat (who does not appear in this picture) is portrayed with gusto by Mr. Fred Whittaker

DISCRETION IN THE ARMY: "Corporal" Charles Groves tactfully withdraws, leaving "General" Charles Laughton and "Captain" James Raglan alone with "Mlle. Juliette" (Miss Madeleine Carroll, who is, in theatrical reality, Mrs. Captain Raglan). This occurs in the revival, at the Vaudeville, of "French Leave," the amusing play of the lighter side of war

"IF DEATH WOULD COME QUICKLY NOW!" Katerina (Miss Josephine Wilson) and Boris (Mr. Algernon Mills) dread the descent from exaltation in "The Storm"

"THUNDERSTORMS CAUSED BY ELECTRICITY? BLASPHEMER!" Science [Kuligin (Mr. William Farrell)] is anathematised by Superstition [Dikoy (Mr. W. V. Garrod)]—a scene from Ostrovsky's masterpiece, "The Storm," recently at the Everyman

The Everyman Theatre Guild is the only body in England working on the principle of the Theatre Guild of New York. Under this scheme, of which Mr. Malcolm Morley is the director, Bernard Shaw's "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," and "The Storm," by the great Russian dramatist Ostrovsky, have already been produced. Although Ostrovsky is regarded as the greatest of the nineteenth-century Russian writers, this was the first play of his to be produced in England. Both these pictures (and the one of "People Like Us") were specially taken for "The Sphere."

COOL AND FRESH

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'GOLD FLAKE'
SATISFY

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AT THE UPSTREAM CORNER OF THE THREATENED PARK: The little inn at Isleworth which stands at the edge of the village. To the east between Isleworth and Brentford on the Thames bank, and between the river bank and the Brentford high road, extends the glorious estate threatened by the super sewage farm projected by the Middlesex County Council, whose designs have aroused unprecedented opposition

SYON HOUSE: The Adam residence of the Duke of Northumberland on which the "lion statant with tail extended" which forms the crest of his House proudly stands. On this site (seen above from the front footpath) stood the Nunnery of St. Bridget, founded in 1431, from which Lady Jane Grey was summoned to the throne

A Riverside BEAUTY SPOT **THREATENED.**

Memories of Lady Jane Grey Linked with Old Syon House

THE ONE-TIME HOME OF THE NINE DAYS' QUEEN: The Adam house on the site of the Nunnery whence Lady Jane Grey took ship down the Thames to her coronation and her death on the block. Inset in the oval is the unhappy Tudor, while above on the right is the imposing gate crowned with the Northumberland crest on the Brentford High Road which leads to Syon House, now threatened by the erection of a sewage farm

The most beautiful reach of the tidal Thames is menaced by a Middlesex County Council scheme for a sewage farm. The reach is that on the north bank from Brentford to Isleworth. Thereon stands, in a glorious park, Syon House, owned by the Duke of Northumberland, crowned with the lion of his crest. From that park Lady Jane Grey set out to the throne for nine days, and then Tower Green. Enormous opposition to the scheme is manifest in the threatened district and the Duke has stated he will not sell unless he is forced. Many alternative sites are being suggested, sites which will not destroy such a beautiful stretch of the river. It seems, on the face of it, a mistake to divide the reach into a sewage farm and a pleasure park. The Council is to hold a meeting on the question on January 30.

The SPHERE of TRAVEL

A weekly feature devoted to the interests of travel at home and abroad

EDITED BY CRAWFURD PRICE

Sunshine and Colour on The CÔTE de VERMEILLE.

A Little-known Corner of France

By CLIVE HOLLAND

If you are going abroad you will do well to follow the example of other "Sphere" readers and consult The "Sphere" Travel Bureau which can give you authentic information and expert advice

It is somewhat strange that the coast-line and the corner of France concerning which we write is so little known to people who wish for sunshine and warmth in winter and that "something different" which always intrigues the true holiday adventurer.

To-day one can go south direct to quaint and pretty little Port Vendres or the Porte de Venus—how alluring is its name?—where one can stay cheaply and comfortably if one does not demand luxury hotel accommodation, and make this charming spot a centre for exploring the district, which is picturesque in the extreme.

A PLACE OF PLACID PEACE: A delightful view of Port-Vendres whose water challenges the colour of the sky

In the months of autumn and winter, and especially the spring, Port Vendres, indeed, deserves the name of beauty spot, for the colours of the sunset seem to turn both sea and sky into a wonderland of green, gold, and palest lavender, which colours stain the quaint old houses gathered round the harbour on the *quais* with tints that are like those of a pastel. And in summer time Port Vendres and the coast upon which it stands really deserves the description conjured up by the term Côte de Vermeille, for then sunshine is indeed riotous, and at dawn and sunset seems to stain the buildings and the rocky hillside almost the colour of blood.

Port Vendres is a quaint and charming place with white *quais* paved with rough cobbles, and the large harbour, generally crowded with sailing craft and fishing boats, containing water that challenges the colour of the sky of purest blue. It is the old Portus Veneris of the Romans, and incidentally one of the most picturesque harbours of the coast lying between Languedoc and Catalonia. To-day it is the fourth French port of the Mediterranean, ranking only after Marseilles, Toulon, and Cette. In its narrow streets one finds much of interest, and the winter sunshine on its *quais* and along the rocky coast south-westward is very grateful to those who have fled the cold and fogs of London.

Banyuls is also a charming place, an "all the year round" resort well-known for its wines, where one may obtain most excellent bathing when people at home are thinking of great-coats and furs, and the accommodation for visitors has been greatly improved of late. It is within five miles or so of the frontier station on the Paris-Barcelona line, and in the mountains behind the sea coast are many delightful resorts well worth visiting, and becoming each year more popular.

At Collioure one finds a very different place to Port Vendres. There is no great harbour, and in its little curved bay lie only fishing boats with high-peaked lateen sails, forming a delightful picture when they set out near sunset for the night's fishing. The town is divided into two parts, one known as the Port of the Mountain and the other as the Port of the Valley, and it is in the latter that most of the life of the place is centred. There is a delightful church overlooking the little bay in which the fishing boats are drawn up on the beach, and in this ancient shrine are sung every evening vespers in honour of Our Lady of the Sea, to whom the church is dedicated.

Those who would leave the coast-line for a time should certainly go up to Amélie les Bains, which is a perfectly delightful place right up against the mountains and close to the gorge of Mendoni, the waters of which flow into the River Tech just outside the town. Amélie les Bains surprises one as one motors up to it from Port Vendres or Collioure, for its houses seem to rise up out of a sea of mimosa, the yellow blossoms of which scent the air long before one enters the town. The hotel of the Roman Bath is a quaint rambling old place, close to the bath itself, which is famous, and exists practically in the condition in which the Romans left it.

FOUNDED BY ST. LOUIS: The medieval walled city of Aigues-Mortes set on a strange Mediterranean shore

Tarascon can also be visited and forms a pleasant excursion. This interesting old town faces Beaucaire on the opposite side of the rather muddy looking Rhone, with a long suspension bridge joining the two. The castle is a magnificent survival standing four-square, with one side washed by the Rhone.

Carcassonne, famous for its wonderful castle—so well-known as not to need description—is but a short distance from Tarascon, and should certainly be seen before returning to the Côte de Vermeille. Its fifty-four towers and perfectly preserved medieval walls shutting in the city will never be forgotten nor will the beautiful cathedral church of St. Nazaire.

What a lot of delightful spots there are along this coast towards the mouths of the Rhone! There is Angeles, and then Narbonne, famous for its honey.

Narbonne, in ancient times a great Roman city, is built of yellow stone and most of the houses are painted yellow of a strange low tint which seems, queer to say, to give the town a lazy look. As it is only some five or six miles distant from the sea there is generally a pleasant breeze which serves to keep a certain freshness in the air even on hot days.

Back to the actual coast to Cette at the entrance to the strange Etang de Thau, which seems to have attracted the attention of the ancients on a low-lying coast, because there is an elevation under the shelter of which vessels and galleys could obtain protection and ride at anchor.

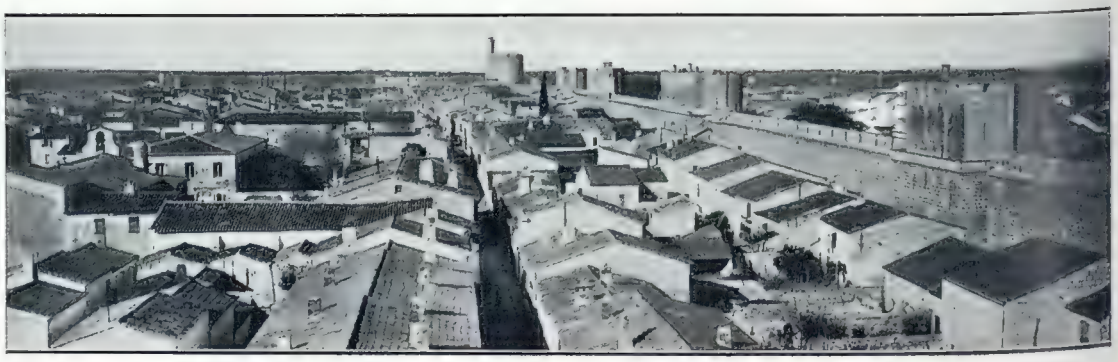
Cette is the second largest port in France upon the Mediterranean. To see the place to advantage it is just as well to reach it from Méze on the main road by means of a little steamer which plies across the Etang or Lake de Thau and lands one right into the middle of its main street.

No one should fail to see Aigues-Mortes for there is nothing quite the same in France, or perhaps in the world. Here, set amid the marshes, is a wonderful medieval walled city founded by St. Louis. It is one of the dead ports of the Camargue, but it is well worth visiting. It was from here that St. Louis embarked for the Holy Land in 1248 and 1270.

Aigues-Mortes stands alone, aloof from the modern world, and repays a visit, for it is one of the most perfect examples of a medieval fortified city of its period. On the marshlands which are such a feature of the Mediterranean coast between the Pyrenees and Marseilles have been planted vast vineyards, and the vines seem to flourish in this soil.

This Côte de Vermeille, for a holiday of charm, with some surprise of interest beyond sunshine and beauty, can be recommended for the more adventurous holiday-maker in search of winter sunshine.

One leaves London (Victoria) at 9 a.m. (there are other trains), leaving Paris (Quai d'Orsay Station) at 5.14 p.m. (there are also other trains), arriving at Port Vendres at 8.45 a.m. next morning.



REDOLENT OF THE MIDDLE AGES: A panorama of the roofs of Aigues-Mortes taken from the tour des Cordeliers. It is one of the dead ports of the Camargue

Fares—First-class return, £12 3s.; second-class return, £8 16s. 6d. One should be able to live comfortably in a good hotel for 45–50 francs per day, say 8s. 6d.–9s. per day; for less in a pension.

MISS EVE GRAY, who is the Sleeping Beauty at the Drury Lane Pantomime, testifies to the value of "Ovaltine" in the following letter:—

"When I first started my stage and film career I became distinctly anxious concerning the loss of vitality I felt at the end of an arduous day's work. Now I can face the prospect of a matinée and another performance in the evening, or a day in a film studio, with a feeling of exhilaration. I think this is entirely due to the cup of 'Ovaltine' I take every night just before going to bed. While I am playing the Sleeping Beauty at Drury Lane twice a day for some weeks I know I can rely on 'Ovaltine' to overcome any fatigue I may experience."

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P 607

From the BUSY WORLD of the ETHER

By HUGH S. POCOCK

(Editor of "The Wireless World")

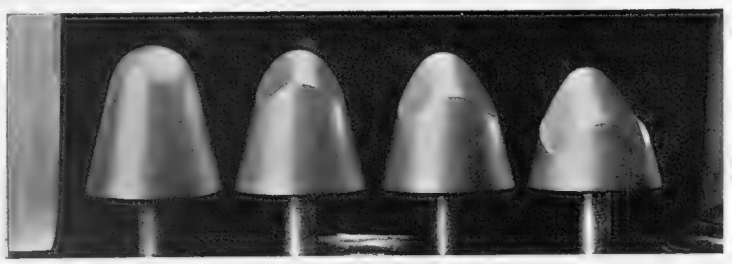
SHIP SAVED FROM AN ARMCHAIR: Sitting in his armchair in his study at Weybridge, a London business man, listening by radio to Channel shipping signals, discovered that a storm-swept ship was pleading for help, pleading in vain because the North Foreland wireless station was not functioning properly. He telephoned to the radio station, explained the trouble, and within a few minutes communication was restored and tugs were racing out to the rescue. The business man was Mr. Cyril E. Baron of Weybridge, and the ship which he was instrumental in saving was the S.S. "Hakev Sverdlev," a Russian steamer. Mr. Cyril E. Baron is seen above at his radio in his Weybridge home

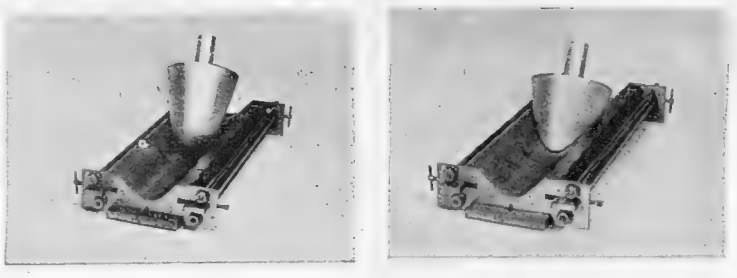
So many users of gramophones to-day have turned their mechanical methods of playing the records to electrical means that it is interesting to consider some of the possibilities which electrical reproduction provides. With mechanical methods the volume could, in general, only be controlled by using loud or soft needles, but when an electrical pick-up is used in place of the sound-box, and the music is reproduced through the amplifier of the wireless set into the loud-speaker, an electrical volume control enables any adjustment of reproduction strength to be made with the utmost ease.

One of the most interesting recent developments in electrical reproduction is a device which is actually a tone-corrector designed to be inserted between the pick-up and the amplifier. This device compensates for certain limiting factors in the recording of music by the disc method. Low-frequency notes are not recorded on gramophone records at their correct relative strength for the reason that in order to do so the width of the groove would have to be substantially increased, but the tone-compensator gets over this inherent defect by increasing through electrical means the response on low-frequencies and bringing it up to the proper level. The effect becomes particularly marked on organ passages and other types of music where frequencies below 250 cycles are introduced.

Imagine a gramophone record the size of the Oval being rotated at a speed comparable with that achieved in the Schneider Cup race, and we are then in a position to visualise the state of affairs which would have to exist in order to reproduce music with H.M.V. gramophone needles as large as the models which were shown by the Gramophone Company at the recent exhibition of the Physical Society in London. The illustrations show the tips of the needles and the groove of a gramophone record magnified 400 times, and these models serve to facilitate the study of the effects of needle-wear on record performance.

One of the photographs which we reproduce shows the tip of a needle in four successive stages, first as a new needle, then after having commenced a record, later in the stage of having played through a fairly long disc, whilst the final illustration shows how ridges form at the sides of the worn part of the needle when the same needle has been used too long. It does not require much imagination, after seeing these photographs, to realise how damaging it is to the walls of the groove on the record to continue to use a needle when it has become worn to this extent. To use a needle a second time and rotate the needle in its holder means nothing short of disaster for the record, because then we insert in the record-groove a needle which not only does not fit the groove but which may cut into it like a knife. Almost as important as avoiding the use of worn needles is to know that the needle in the first place is of suitable size for the record-groove which it is intended to fit.

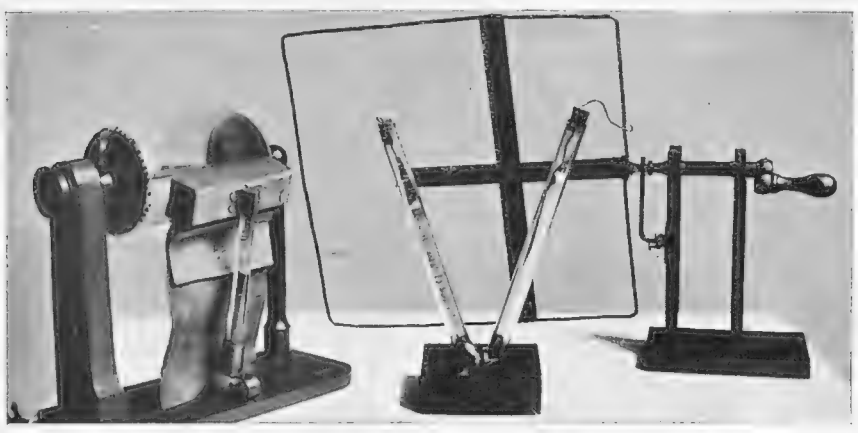




FOUR STAGES IN THE LIFE OF A STEEL GRAMOPHONE NEEDLE: Models magnified 400 times; the needle shown on the right has been so far worn that "cheeks" have been formed which, in use, rest upon the walls of the gramophone record groove and do serious damage to the record. Below *are seen a new and a badly-worn needle-point shown in an enlarged model of the record groove. With these models the behaviour of different types of needles at various stages of wear can be examined*

The Post Office is constantly the subject of criticism, either on the subject of wireless licences or some other aspect of its monopoly of communications, but quite a little storm has been aroused as a result of reports of what appears to be an entirely new attitude adopted by the Post Office in regard to the installation of wireless receiving sets in blocks of flats where, from the one receiver, lines are run into the individual flats where loud-speakers are installed. In a certain newly erected block of 200 flats a central receiving station has been put up and each flat is being supplied with wireless programmes from a central distributing system, and it is reported that the Post Office, after some hesitation, has agreed that one 10s. licence covers the whole installation. It is not surprising that such a decision has been received with astonishment in well-informed circles, because hitherto the Post Office has always contended that if a house is occupied by more than one family, then one receiving licence does not cover listening-in by both families, even though only one wireless receiver is in use.

It seems that the Post Office ought to collect a 10s. licence fee from each separate flat in a block of flats, because it is surely for the privilege of listening that the licence should be paid.



"KEYS" THAT UNLOCKED NATURE'S SECRETS: For the first time the improvised yet epoch-making apparatus of Rumford, Davy, Faraday, Tyndall, Dewar, and others has been shown to the general public at an Exhibition of Historical Scientific Apparatus at the Science Museum. Above is seen the apparatus used by Faraday, whose crowning discovery was the induction of electrical currents. Left to right—*A frictional electric machine, a V-shaped electrolysis tube with platinum electrode, and,* at back, *an earth-inductor, used for generating a continuous current*

CLEARING the ETHER.

A New Principle in Wireless

Were some genius to arise and do for the terrestrial traffic of London what Dr. James Robinson, the late chief of wireless research to H.M. Royal Air Force, has achieved for the aerial traffic of the world by means of his new invention which he calls the "Stenode Radiostat," his name would be hailed with acclaim, for the perplexing problem of finding room so that everyone can travel freely would be solved for a very long time. Briefly, to use an easily understood analogy, Dr. Robinson's instrument acts not in widening the road along which the vehicles travel but in so compressing them that they are squeezed into a fraction of the space they originally occupied so that many more can pass along that road.

Everyone acquainted with the principles of wireless—and to-day who is not?—is aware that the aerial sends into the ether waves which carry signals to the receivers. Each wave has a certain length determined by the station which sends it out. People who tune in to that wave-length receive the signals which make up the station's programme.

Unhappily, as people know to their cost, these signals are often interfered with by signals from other stations using a different wave-length because the waves get overlapped, the second set of waves trespassing as it were, on the road arranged for the passage of the first set. According to the present international broadcasting law 9,000 "cycles" must be kept between the waves sent out by each station, i.e. a road 9,000 "cycles" wide must be preserved for the passage of each programme so that nothing may interfere with its progress. The practical result is that only 25 stations employing wave-lengths of from 300 metres to 600 metres can operate at once in the ordinary broadcasting band of stations.

With Dr. Robinson's apparatus the number of stations that can be employed at present is 5,000, but as the Stenode is admittedly in a very early stage of development there is nothing to prevent such improvement that eventually stations may be brought exceedingly near together and yet each will be able to send its programme free from interference by the other.

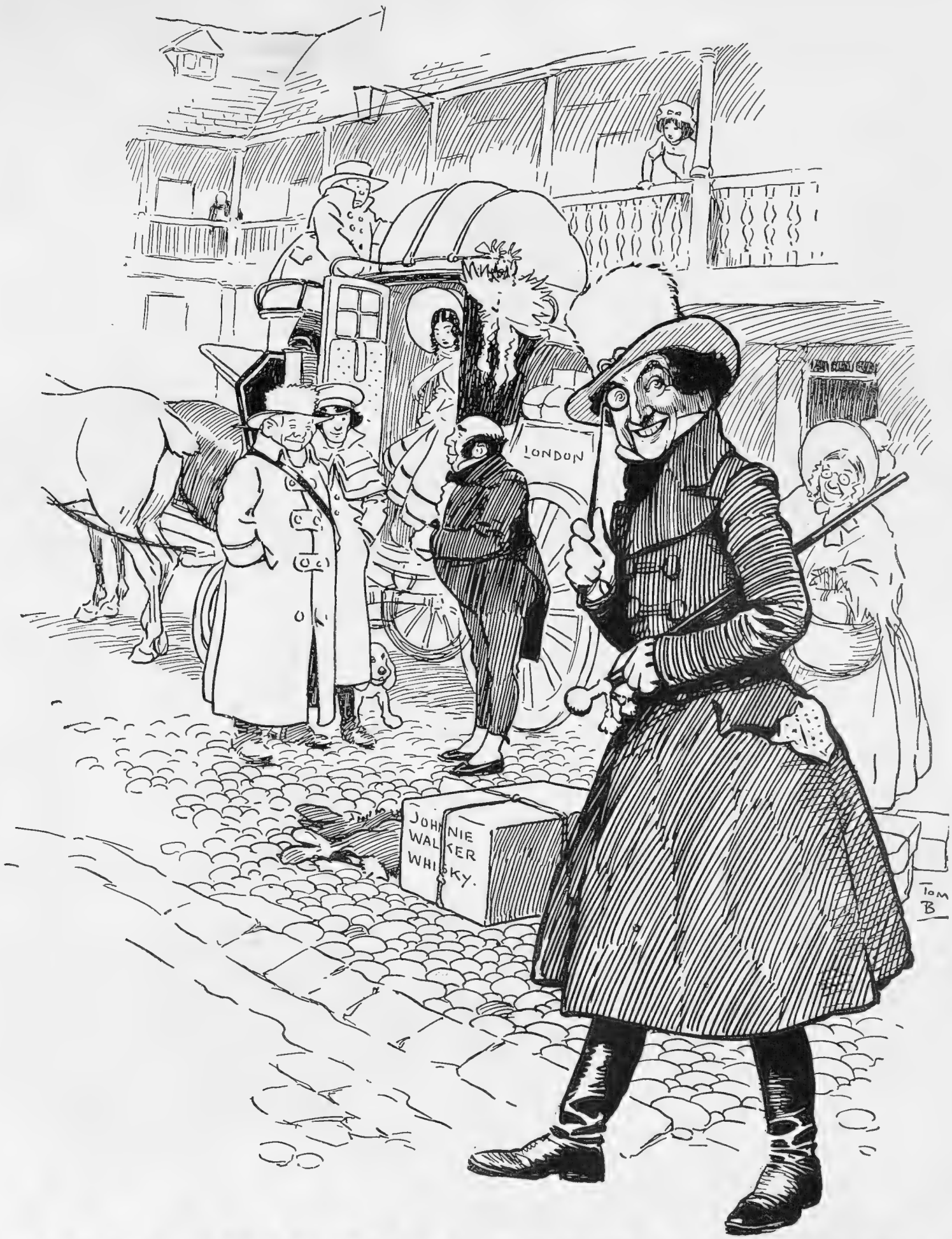
LISTENING-IN TO 2LO: Sudanese natives in the Sudan bush crowd round to the Kolster Brandes wireless set with which a British Expedition kept in touch with civilisation during a film-making trip in the African interior

Hitherto it has been impossible to make wireless receivers very selective, because this caused the signals to be distorted. Dr. Robinson has proved that this defect has been due to the impossibility of obtaining selectivity without an objectionable quality called "persistence ringing," or "hanging on." His inventions show how it is possible to overcome completely this disadvantage.

The effect of "persistence" is similar to that phenomenon which is observed when a bell is struck. The sound of the bell is heard for a considerale time, although the time required to strike the bell is short. That is what happens in a selective wireless circuit. When signals act on it for a short time, the circuit persists in its excitation for a considerable time after the signals have ceased.

Another practical application of the use of the Stenode is the enormous increase it will give to telegraphic signalling speed. Incredible as it may seem, speeds as high as 10,000 words per minute will eventually be possible, yet they will absorb only a few "cycles" of the ether.

R. de C.



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COACHING: For more than 200 years before railways came into being the coach was king. Since then, coaching has dwindled to a mere pastime.

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The Petrol World

by A. Percy Bradley

A Road of Beauty is a Joy for Ever : A stretch of the newly-opened section of the North Orbital Road looking towards Rickmansworth

"***231 M.P.H. + ?***"—Only a few months lie ahead before Mr. Kaye Don makes his great attempt to beat the world's land speed record, at present held by Sir Henry Segrave. Some of us are inclined to believe that this attempt is ill-timed and unnecessary merely because a Britisher is, at the moment, the holder. That is quite true, but it must always be remembered the record was broken on American soil, and it is only natural to suppose that the eyes of American motor designers are focussed on those mystic figures, 231 m.p.h.

If we were fortunate enough in England to have a speedway on which such attempts could be made and a foreigner were to bring his car over here and smash the record, I think we should all feel very upset and do all in our power to egg on the home industry to produce a car capable of wresting back the coveted record. By standing still I think it would not be very long before a very serious challenge were made by our friends the Americans. If, however, we keep on increasing the speed we shall make the attack more and more difficult and at the same time we shall keep our designers on this side in good practice.

Renaissance : The Haycock at Wansford, which has been closed for forty years and used as a private residence, is now re-opened as a first-class hotel for motorists

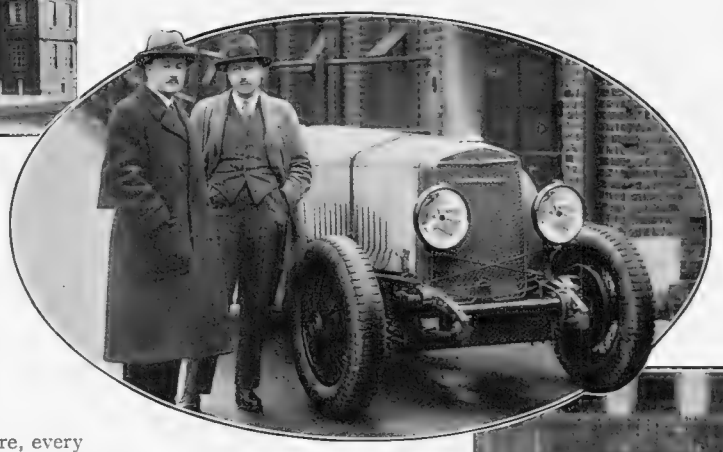
Mr. Kaye Don's attempt deserves, therefore, every encouragement, and every British sportsman will wish him the best of success and a safe return home. Some motorists have a hazy idea that an attack on such a record entails just a slight amount of organisation and a journey across the Atlantic for the actual attempt. But I think we should be more inquisitive and endeavour to peep behind the scenes to gain some knowledge as to the vast amount of work which these record attempts mean. For a moment let us look at the tyres. To-day the ordinary cover and tube give us so little trouble that we take their reliability for granted, but of course their present high state of efficiency is due entirely to constant research and the result of much practical experience on the track and on the road. Unfortunately for the tyre-manufacturer, he has no practical experience to assist him in designing tyres to stand up to the stresses a speed of 300 m.p.h. will produce. His task is therefore difficult, and when it is realised what will be the consequence of a burst his responsibility is not enviable.

FIGURES AND FACTS.—I have been fortunate in obtaining some interesting figures and details from the makers who are to be responsible for the tyres on Mr. Kaye Don's car. The closest secrecy has been observed in their making, in fact the place of manufacture has not been made known, and no name will be moulded on the covers to be used. The technical expert of the firm assured me that the tyres are of a highly specialised type, so much so that every one of the world's record races have been made on the same make of British tyres.

Let me point out some of the principle features of the problem facing the makers.

The centrifugal force of a single tyre revolving at 300 m.p.h. is so great that its diameter is 1 in. larger than when it is at rest. It consumes every minute enough power to lift a heavy express train a foot off the ground. Then remember that as there are four tyres, so we must multiply by the same figure to ascertain the engine power absorbed in the tyres themselves. The result of such a calculation shows that 200 h.p. from the engine is lost in the tyres. The temperature increases to that of boiling point in about fifteen seconds, and if a pound of the tyre were free to move outwards when revolving at the speeds experienced, it would contain enough energy to lift a Rolls-Royce car off the ground.

"Even when the tyres are made to resist such terrific stresses nothing we can do can prevent it, when going at these speeds, from being cut clean through by a piece of glass, or even the edge of a small shell lying in the sand," said my technical expert.



Record Breakers : No less than thirteen world's records were set up by Graham-Paige cars during 1929, the last four being achieved on Christmas Eve by Mr. D. M. K. Marendaz (nearest the car), who is seen above with Mr. A. G. Payne, Managing Director of Graham-Paige Motors

Tests on Mr. Kaye Don's *Sunbeam* are not, of course, possible, because it cannot be run at the required speed except at Daytona or Verneuk Pan.

The manufacturers are therefore confronted with the problem of carrying out some form of test to assist them in bringing these special tyres up to a satisfactory state of perfection. A special apparatus has been installed for the purpose, but there are no means such as the makers have in normal cases of comparing the mechanical tests with the actual running of the tyres on the road.

Manufacturers of these accessories state that they are often asked if all this trouble is not mere waste of time, but they reply that much useful knowledge is gained, some of which is utilised in the manufacture of tyres which are not called upon to withstand such terrific stresses.

The Importance of the White Line : Motorists in the metropolis are already acclimatised to this comparatively new precautionary measure, the use of which, in consequence of the heavy accident roll of the past year, is now being extended even to remote hamlets

NO STONE UNTURNED.—I then asked the expert if he could tell me whether there was anything truthful in the rumours that silk would be used in the fabric incorporated in these special tyres. "It is true," said he, "that there has been reference in the Press to these methods of construction, but I can say without giving anything away that silk neither will be nor could be used, and that there is nothing fantastic about methods of construction. The constructional details have been carefully worked out step by step to meet the necessities of the severe tests. The materials employed have only been attainable as the result of very prolonged work on the part of our chemists, upon whom has fallen the responsibility for overcoming the very great difficulties arising from the extraordinary temperature resulting from the tremendous power consumption within the tyres at these extreme speeds."

I think the makers deserve the thanks of the entire British nation for their success in the past, and I feel that so long as the particular firm in question is responsible for these specialised products, so the risk of disaster due to any fault in the tyres will be as small as possible. The fact that Captain Malcolm Campbell, Sir Henry Segrave, and now Mr. Kaye Don, all very experienced racing men, have entrusted their lives to the reputation of the British firm in question is probably the finest testimonial that any company has ever received in the history of motoring.

A GOOD OLD DAIMLER.—I have recently driven over 600 miles in a 20–70-h.p. Daimler. The car was lent to me, not for the purpose of an official test, but merely to tide me over the period when my own car was being overhauled. The car placed at my disposal was what the Daimler Company would probably term a works hack, and even at that it had quite a large mileage to its credit. I am always interested in driving such cars because the opportunity presents itself to find out how a high-grade car, such as a Daimler, stands hard usage at the hands of various drivers, good, bad, and indifferent. Experience shows that when a large number of people in a works or garage are entitled to drive a car it is nobody's business to look after it.

I therefore reckon that I was lent a car which showed a Daimler at its worst, and so I was agreeably surprised to find that the Daimler at its worst was a very nice motor-car. The ease, the smoothness, and the silence with which it moves tends to make the driver assume that his speed is slow, but if the clock is consulted at the beginning and the end of a journey, it will be discovered that with a Daimler of this description record times can be established without discomfort or without endangering anyone on the road to any greater extent than if it were any other car driven at a slower speed.

For the Chairman of the B.B.C. : This interesting Hillman Straight-Eight Weymann Sunshine Saloon was supplied recently by Mr. G. Watson-Parker, through Rootes Ltd., to the Earl of Clarendon, Chairman of the British Broadcasting Company

MULTUM IN PARVO.—Another point which pleased me immensely is the adequate mudguarding. Large wings are so often looked upon as being desirable from the point of view of efficiency that it is quite refreshing to find that what looks like an absurdly small mudguard is many times more useful than the colossal affairs seen on other makes.

When one examines the brake drums on a Daimler one is struck by their ridiculously small diameter, but here again the designers are clever, because the braking effect is far greater with these small drums than is the case with many other cars with drums nearly twice the diameter. On many occasions I have been lent Daimlers that have specially been put aside for the Press and have thoroughly enjoyed the journeys I have taken in them, but I have to confess that the performance of this hack car was practically as good as that of any other Daimler I have tried. It is not often that representatives of the Press are able to find out first-hand something regarding the reliability of a car, so this occasion was not only enjoyable, but highly instructive.

PROMPT AS USUAL.—In order to assist motorists visiting the British Industries Fair, Birmingham, which takes place between February 17 and 28, the R.A.C. has prepared a leaflet containing specially compiled maps indicating the approach roads from the surrounding towns and a recommended route encircling Birmingham, which avoids the heavy traffic in the centre of the City. Details of a route by which the Fair can be reached from Central Birmingham without traversing traffic-congested streets are also given. Copies of this leaflet can be obtained from the Midland Office of the Club, County Chambers, Corporation Street, Birmingham, or from the R.A.C., Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

FOUR INTERNATIONAL RECORDS IN CLASS B!

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(Subject to confirmation)

Wakefield CASTROL lubricated the record-breaking engine, proving once again its outstanding suitability for the Graham-Paige—that is why Messrs. Graham-Paige Motors Ltd. use and recommend CASTROL exclusively.

13 RECORDS IN 1929 BY GRAHAM-PAIGE USING CASTROL!

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The WOMAN'S SPHERE

By Marjorie

These pyjamas strike a simple note in accordance with Fashions's command. They come from the salons of Marshall and Snelgrove and are carried out in black satin. The tuck-in blouse is an important feature

There has been so much discussion regarding the length of the skirts that it will come as a relief to many women to know that the question is to a certain extent settled for the ensuing months. The skirts of tailor-mades as well as simple afternoon dresses have uneven hems or slightly dip at the back and terminate 3 to 4 inches below the knee. In more elaborate afternoon frocks this dip at the back is more pronounced and extend in many instances to 6 or 7 inches below the knees. Evening dresses have trains or draperies which lightly rest on the ground at the back, the skirt proper clearing it by a couple of inches. Sometimes draperies are introduced at the sides; a fact that cannot be made too widely known is that there is nothing more becoming than a blouse or bolero that dips at the back; especially is this the case with figures that have rather hollow backs as well as for those of generous proportions.

LINGERIE THAT PLEASES.—No one can fail to be delighted with the lingerie at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street. To them must be given the credit of the cami-knickers illustrated on the right of this page; they are of crêpe de chine and lace reinforced with suspenders, this is an immense advantage; another point in their favour is that they are innocent of a back. The seated figure is wearing a pair of knickers in which satin and georgette share honours, with chemise to match. Black satin has been chosen for the fashioning of the pyjamas with the tuck-in blouse; they are as simple as they are effective. The advanced guard of the spring fashions have arrived at this establishment. In the coat and skirt department there are many ensembles carried out in crêpe romaine. The coats are shorter than they have been during the winter.

Satin and georgette are present in these knickers as well as in the chemise. They may be seen in the salons of Marshall and Snelgrove, where they are companioned with many others

Thoroughly practical are these crêpe de chine cami-knickers with lace corsage innocent of a back. They are reinforced with suspenders. At Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street

A SALE OF FURNITURE.—Gilt-edge investments are the order of the day at Hampton's (Pall Mall East) winter sale. Thursdays are special remnant days; therefore a visit must be paid to this establishment as these unique bargains are not recorded in the catalogue. Among the many attractions are the stuff-over easy chairs upholstered with all hair and down and feather backs and loose down and feather seat cushions for £7 15s. instead of £9 17s.

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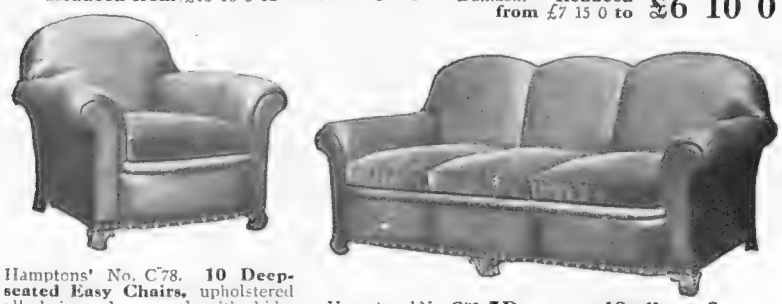

Hamptons' No. C78. **10 Deep-seated Easy Chairs,** upholstered all hair and covered with hide. Loose seat cushion, covered with velveteen. **Reduced from** £15 15 0 **to** **£13 10 0**

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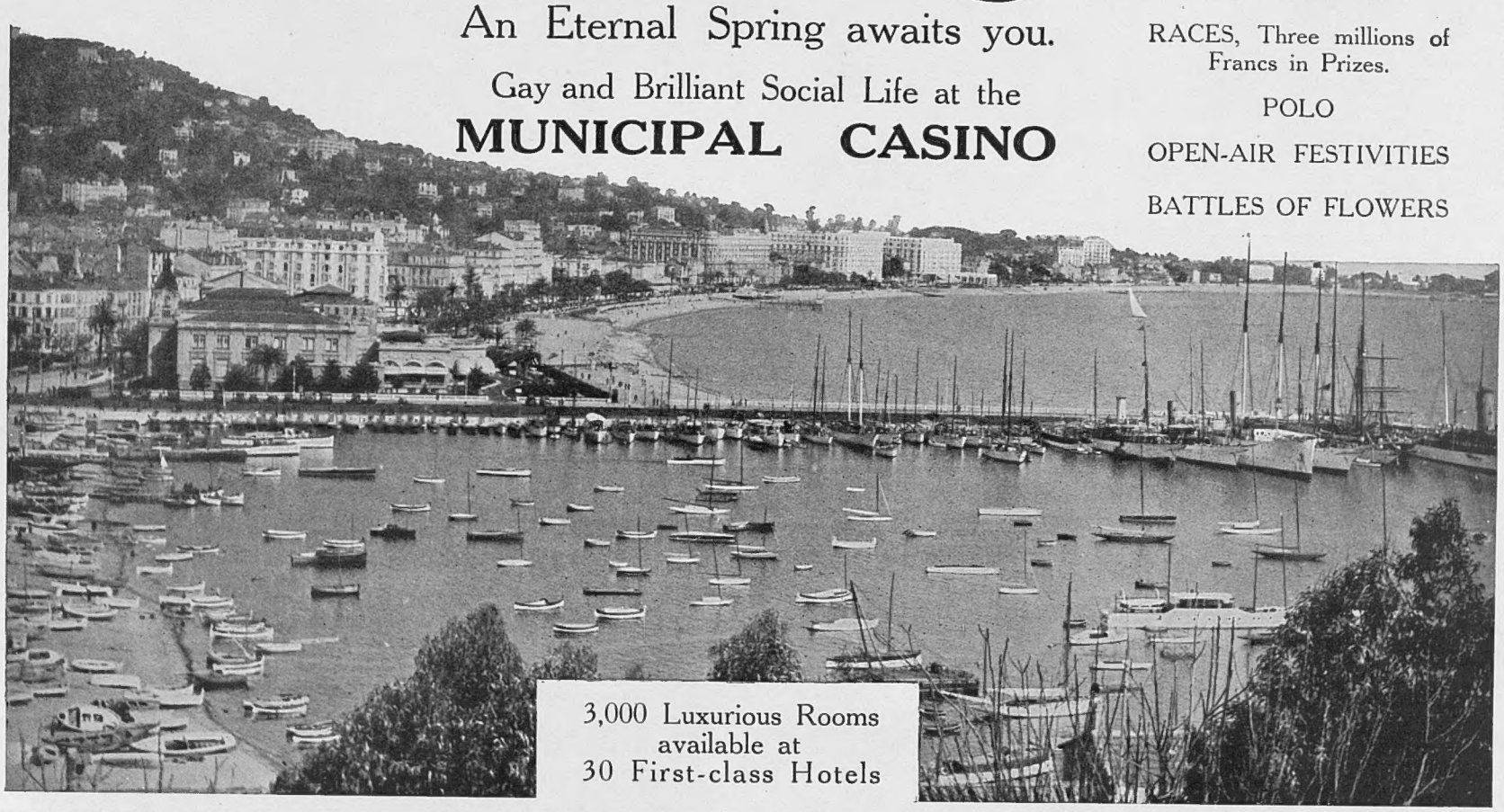

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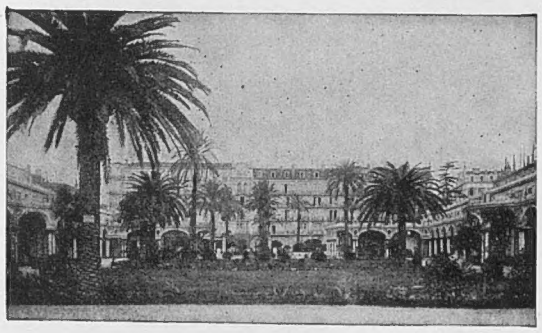

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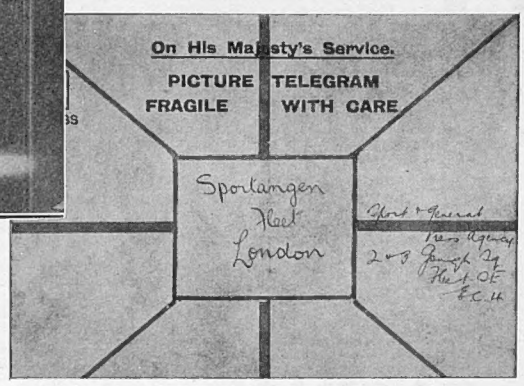
PICTURE TELEGRAPHY NOW A *PUBLIC SERVICE*: The official opening of the first public service of photo-telegraphy. The initial picture sent was that of the Postmaster-General, General H. B. Lees-Smith, who was himself present at the inaugural ceremony. The service is established from London to Berlin. The picture can be seen on the drum

PHOTO TELEGRAPHY

One of the great mechanical marvels of the age is the sending of pictures by wire. This, exploited by great daily newspapers, has now been established as a public service. The process consists of affixing the picture to be transmitted to a drum. Thereafter, a negative of the picture appears on a similar drum at the receiving station. From this a positive print is taken which can be enlarged or reduced at will. The time occupied by the transmission is twenty minutes.



THE ENVELOPE IN WHICH A PICTURE TELEGRAM IS DELIVERED: One of the envelopes containing photo-telegrams delivered to a noted photographic agency

THE OXO CHILDREN'S PARTY

Santa Claus has been working overtime this season! He has made appearances in millions of homes and at hundreds of functions from early December to January. One of his last appearances this Yuletide was in January, when Oxo Ltd. gave their annual Christmas party recently to the children of their employees. There were about 400 delighted guests. Marionettes, a Punch and Judy Show, and conjuring, brought forth loud applause, and excitement reached its height when the conjurer magically produced a real live Father Christmas who distributed a gift to every child from a 20-ft.-high Christmas tree.

THE RADIO-GRAMOPHONE

The radio-gramophone, Model 520, now placed before the public by H.M.V., combines what is worth while in radio reception with first-class quality reproduction and an electrically reproduced record with the latest type of amplifier and loud-speaker equipment. The outstanding merit of the instrument is that on the gramophone side it gives perfect music while the wireless quality is of the same order. Furthermore, the wireless reception side gives an adequate choice of stations without complicating the design to get stations which would not be worthy of the reproduction. Briefly, the circuit for the wireless reception contains one high-frequency, a detector, and two note magnifier valves. The low-frequency of the instrument is used for gramophone playing. The high-frequency circuits contain two tuned circuits gauged on to one handle; this, therefore, is virtually single-handle control. Extra sensitivity and selectivity can be obtained, however, by the use of two independent adjustments, one to control aerial coupling and the other reaction. The aerial coupling can be used to reduce the volume of the local, but sometimes unwanted station, while the reaction is used to increase both the selectivity and sensitivity when listening to distant stations.

The chief quality of the radio reception circuit is that it is designed to give the reception of the most important stations. It is possible to build a complicated set which will pick up almost any station in Europe, but the complication involved and the result produced both militate against the true usefulness of such an arrangement, judged from the standpoint of pure music production. The H.M.V. set, wherever within reason it is installed in this country, is capable of getting adequate reception of the long-wave European stations, some of the more powerful medium-wave stations, and the local station or stations. Its usefulness will be particularly noticeable under the conditions of the Regional Scheme (where two nearly equal strength transmitters are flooding a certain area with two contrasted programmes and the user is assured of perfect reception without background of these two local stations), when, by a quick movement of the hand, the user is able to change from one programme to another, the quality of reproduction being unsurpassed. Even if the local programmes are not wanted it is still possible, by the operation of the long- or short-wave switch, to get on to either Daventry 5XX or to the long-wave stations in Holland, France, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, and so forth. In some conditions it will be possible to pick up certain high-powered medium-wave transmitting stations, e.g. Radio Toulouse or Langenberg or some Czecho-Slovakian stations. It must be understood, however, that the ability to pick up the medium-wave stations will depend to a large extent upon the locality in which the receiver is installed. In effect, the receiver is designed to get those stations which are worth while in a certain locality.

It is inevitable that when foreign stations are listened to there will be some background noise, the degree depending upon a multitude of factors. The extreme simplicity of operation for the local station makes the radio reception no different from that obtained when listening to a gramophone record. One of the attractive points of the H.M.V. set is that there is a volume control which is effective both on the gramophone and the wireless reception. The user will find this of great value because in listening to talk, for example, on the wireless, it is essential that the volume obtained should be approximately that of the speaker in the studio or wherever he or she may be. The symphony orchestra, the brass band, etc., on the other hand, can be brought up to a great strength.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Child-lovers, as well as all who enjoy a thoroughly good play, will like to know that Miss Donaldson and her well-known company of amateur players are to revive that highly successful modern production, *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*, which will be produced in aid of the funds of the Newport Market Army Bands' School, which is one of the Shaftesbury Homes. This will take place on the evening of Tuesday, February 4, at the New Scala Theatre, Charlotte Street, W., at 8.15 p.m. Her Royal Highness Princess Mary, Countess of Harewood, has graciously consented to accord this performance her patronage, whilst others who are helping in a similar fashion are Lord and Lady Plumer, Lord and Lady Daryngton, Lord and Lady Devonport, the Countess of Jersey, the Hon. Mrs. George Gough, and Sir Henry Peto, Bart. There is likely to be a good demand for tickets, which may be obtained at the headquarters of the Society, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2. Prices: Boxes and stalls (front rows), £2 2s.; stalls, £1 1s., 12s., 5s. 9d.; circle, 5s. 9d.; upper circle, 3s. 6d.

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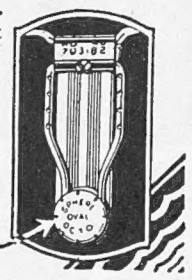

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